

LIFE



RUSSIA'S
GENERALS

JULY 31, 1944

10 CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

So limited by war...

Parker "51" pens must be rationed to dealers



Today, perhaps, you don't believe in magic. But someday you will. For the Parker "51" is all enchantment...

There's magic in every glint of this smooth and smartly tapered pen. So poised—so sure—it conjures words with ease.

Magical, too, is that new, enclosed point. Always moist, it reacts at the first touch of paper... glides effortlessly without skip or falter.

But wait! Even more surprises are in store for you! For the Parker "51" is the only pen of its kind—protected by U. S. Patents. It alone can use the new Parker "51" Ink that

dries as you write! No blotter is needed. Of course, the Parker "51" *can* be used with *any* ink if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

No wonder, then, this is the world's most "wanted" pen... and you may have to wait.

Today, you see, production of *all* fountain pens is limited by government order. What's more, months before Pearl Harbor, Parker voluntarily cut its production of fine pens to create precision fuzes for bombs, artillery shells and other projectiles.

Yes, war goods come first. So the Parker 51's we can produce must be rationed to dealers.

But please be patient. There'll come a time when more of these magical Parker 51's will be available. And you'll be glad you waited.

Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown; \$12.50 and \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00 and \$7.50. World famous Vacumatic Pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00.

◆ **GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT!** Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to: The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Make your dollars fight—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

Parker "51"



"Writes dry with wet ink!"



Copyright, 1944, The Parker Pen Company



4 billion miles now run on synthetic tires

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of B. F. Goodrich all-synthetic Silvertowns are now on the cars of essential drivers. The most conservative estimate of the distance they have run is *four billion* miles.

Parke P. Bryson of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, is just one of hundreds of car owners who have written in from every state of the union to tell of their experience with these new tires. His car is in constant use on many kinds of roads. He bought one of the first sets of all-synthetic tires. When this picture was taken, they had gone over 41,000 miles.

No tires ever made can go that far

How good are today's tires? Users' experiences give the answer

without good care, and Mr. Bryson follows the simple, well-known rules of wartime driving. And others are reporting similar results. Many have written that they have had at least as many miles as they ever got from prewar tires.

Such performance reports come from B. F. Goodrich Silvertown users because B. F. Goodrich has had more experience with synthetic rubber than any other manufacturer. No other manufacturer made and sold tires containing synthetic rubber before the war. Before any other

manufacturer even *started* to sell them, those made by B. F. Goodrich had *completed* an 80-million-mile road test on the wheels of American cars. That extra experience can save you money, give you extra value in the new tires you buy today.

You may be eligible for these new tires. It's easy to find out by asking any B. F. Goodrich dealer. He'll tell you just what to do, will fill out all the papers for you, help you get a tire certificate, give you advice about recapping, re-

pairs and other things. Ask him how to make your present tires last longer. *Ask anything and everything you want to know about tires.* Just look for a B. F. Goodrich sign. Drive in and talk it over. There's no obligation, no need to buy anything unless you wish. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

This One



QBW9-S22-UKXL

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

EMBARRASSED FBI

Sirs:

The references to an intoxicated FBI man in John Hersey's article "Joe Is Home Now" (LIFE, July 3) were unfortunate in that they did not represent the conduct of FBI agents and, as such, have been a real source of embarrassment to an organization that has enjoyed public approval for its accomplishments and must have public support if it is to continue to fulfill its obligation to the people it serves.

L. B. NICHOLS
Assistant Director

Federal Bureau of Investigation
United States Department of Justice
Washington, D. C.

● LIFE regrets having embarrassed the FBI. After further sleuthing, LIFE has found that the man who drank with one of the discharged soldiers interviewed by John Hersey was evidently an impostor, who apparently enjoyed posing as an FBI agent. Clue: when he got on a train with the discharged soldier he did not use standard FBI procedures with the conductor.—ED.

CHINA

Sirs:

Thank you for the article by Y. C. James Yen about China (LIFE, July 10). People who possess the wisdom which Mr. Yen describes cannot be anything but an asset to a peaceful world.

There is a very close connection between material prosperity and moral leadership. You cannot have the first without the second for any length of time, and this applies to nations even more than it applies to individuals. For this reason Germany, and perhaps the rest of continental Europe, will be more in need of moral rehabilitation than of material aid. The opposite is true of China, and she is for this reason the better bet by a long shot in the postwar world.

HANS W. HAMM

York, Pa.

Sirs:

Since education is so important in building better relations between China and America, I would like to point out that 48 Chinese naval officers and midshipmen have been studying at Swarthmore College during the past year. Half of the officers are now at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis and the other half at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

PATRICIA F. FRANK

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Tom Lea has done a magnificent job of portraying Chungking and the Chinese. As one who has been in Chungking four times, I can testify that his paintings give the spirit of the place most capably.

RANDALL GOULD
Editor

American Edition
The Shanghai Evening Post & Mercury
New York, N. Y.

AUSTRALIAN WIVES

Sirs:

Thanks for your interesting story on Australian wives (LIFE, July 10). Reports have it that their inordinate haste to acquire an American accent—either Southern, Bostonian, Midwestern, Avenue A or composite—became apparent long before they reached Golden Gate. This no doubt accounts for the rumor that on the ship which brought them over the brides had to resort to sign language to understand each other.

L. F. WILLMOTT

Shaker Heights, Ohio

Sirs:

Your story of Australian wives hoisted one pair of beautiful eyebrows in this naval air training station's community. They are the property of our own Australian bride, the former Heather Reynolds of Albany,

Australia, who is now the wife of Aviation Chief Radioman Robert W. Grady. What arched her brows was the statement by one of your brides that "Australian girls don't carry flowers." Says Mrs. Grady: "I've at-



GRADYS AND FLOWERS

tended many weddings in Australia. The brides always carried flowers." As proof that this is a good Australian custom, here is a picture of Mrs. Grady on her wedding day, complete with bridegroom and bouquet.

M. E. MYLER JR., USNR

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sirs:

The transportation priority given to Australian women over our fighting men in the Pacific area is dealing an unfair blow to our men, many of whom are going into their third year away from home because there is no available shipping space to return them for a brief furlough. How can we American women be expected to keep up the morale of our men overseas in the face of such action?

ALMA MIGGINS

Palisades, N. Y.

● Though men in the Pacific area are eligible for furloughs after 18 months of service, they cannot be sent to and from the U. S. because all westbound shipping space is filled to capacity with military equipment and supplies. The Australian brides had no priority but they were going only one way.—ED.

ADMIRAL NIMITZ

Sirs:

Your recent article on Admiral Nimitz (LIFE, July 10) honors a great naval officer and a great man. It was my pleasure several years ago to serve as his chaplain when he had command of the flagship of the Asiatic fleet. Soon after our return from Australia to Shanghai, Captain Nimitz and I went out in a park near the hotel where our families lived to show my young son how to throw a boomerang, his prized present from "down under." I tried without success, then the captain took over. The first time he threw the thing it hit a rock and split to smithereens. I felt sorrier for him than for the boy.

Some months later, after Captain Nimitz had been ordered to Washington for duty, I received a package from an American consul in Australia containing a boomerang. It had been ordered by a busy man who had not forgotten a child's loss. This sort of thing is characteristic of Admiral Nimitz.

CAPTAIN BART D. STEPHENS
Ch. C, USN

U. S. Naval Training Station
Newport, R. I.

PUZZLE

Sirs:

Plaudits to LIFE for the story on jigsaw puzzles in the July 10 issue. We claim we have the largest jigsaw puzzle in the world. It has 4,000 pieces and is 36x72 inches when completed. My brother and I cut the puzzle, and since neither of us is an artist, the designing of special shapes is a real problem. We found that animal crackers were just right for tracings, as well as the comic sections, drawings in LIFE and other magazines.

ROY R. FULLER

Detroit, Mich.

ROBOTS

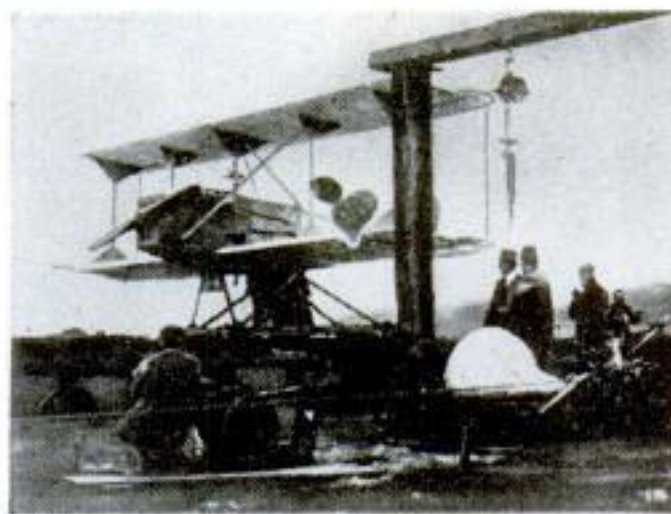
Sirs:

Your excellent presentation of the "Robot Bomb" (LIFE, July 10) brings to mind a similar weapon used in 1915. I dug this picture out of my files, thinking that you might be interested in it.

It shows eight powder-driven rockets mounted in groups of four, one on each side



FRENCH PLANE ROCKETS



U. S. ROBOT PLANE BOMBS

of the fuselage of a French Farman F-40 with a 70-hp. engine and a single free machine gun in addition to the rockets.

Instead of being used against ground targets and other aircraft, however, these rockets were used against observation balloons with very effective results.

1st LIEUT. PETER M. BOWERS
USAAF

Tacoma, Wash.

● The French powder-driven rockets have practically nothing in common with the Nazis' fuel-and-air-driven robots. However, the U. S. Navy in 1918 had developed to the testing stage robot-plane bombs with four times the range and with greater accuracy than the present German weapon. With war's end the project was abandoned.—ED.

PROPAGANDA

Sirs:

LIFE is famous even among the Nazis—but what they do to your stuff in the name of propaganda! In Italy recently, I picked up a German helmet whose owner no longer needed it. It contained a folded copy of the *Müncher Illustrierte Presse* which had been used as a pad inside the sweatband. And there were reproductions, fuzzy but recognizable, of your pictures of the Detroit race riots (LIFE, July 5, 1943). They were entitled, "Race War in the U. S. A." and the captions stated that "man hunts are a part of American life," that "barbarous justice by lynching continuously demands new victims from the Negro population" and that "use of Negro troops and Negroes as terror fliers only helps to diminish the awe of the blacks for the whites and increases racial warfare in the U. S."

LIEUT. CHARLES D. HODGES
c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

DISTORTION

Sirs:

I'm rather late in mentioning it, but in your July 3 issue you inadvertently repeated a pointless and curiously unkind distortion of the truth that has had great currency.

The caption below a half-page photograph of a shop window in Bayeux exclaims righteously over the fact that an elaborate evening dress is displayed for sale—and points out that even in London so elaborate an evening gown is almost unobtainable.

I passed and scrutinized that shop window several times while I was in Normandy. The gown displayed is not a gown at all. The display figure is draped by three

uncut bolts of rather sleazy cloth. The colors of that cloth are, respectively, red, white and blue. The display was devised soon after D-day as an exclamation of patriotic joy at the arrival of the Allied troops and the liberation of the city.

JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

National Broadcasting Co.
New York, N. Y.

● LIFE welcomes Mr. Vandercook's correction.—ED.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

Sirs:

Congratulations for your splendid picture coverage of the Republican National Convention (LIFE, July 10), especially the wonderful double-page picture of the last night of the convention. It made the whole thing as perfect for me as if I had been there at the time.

HARRY G. BURNS

Indianapolis, Ind.

APPETITE

Sirs:

I suppose it would be almost sacrilegious to think of eating that prize Hereford bull, T. Royal Rupert 99th (LIFE, July 10), but my mouth certainly watered when I saw his rear view with so many potential thick, juicy steaks so well displayed.

BILL SKILLMAN
S 1/C USCGR

Avon, N.C.

● Since breeding bulls like T. Royal Rupert 99th are far more valuable as progenitors than as steaks (which would be tough anyway), Reader Skillman's saliva must flow unchecked.—ED.

NEW USES

Sirs:

This picture might be entitled "New Uses for Old Copies of LIFE." The make-shift chair—which my girl friend found quite comfortable—is built up of some 350 back issues of your estimable magazine, which I have been saving for more than six years. Unfortunately I have not been able to transform them into an electric iron, which she says she needs more than a chair.

R. P. THOMAS

Ferndale, Mich.



● LIFE advises Reader Thomas to donate his back numbers to the local waste-paper salvage collection.—ED.

Time, LIFE, Fortune and the Architectural Forum have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1944 these four publications of the Time group are budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1,450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.

Preston Sturges Rides Again



"The Great McGinty" Was Great! "The Lady Eve" Was Wonderful!
"The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek" Was Marvelous! But Wait
Until You See The Greatest Comedy To Come Out Of This War.

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

starring

Eddie BRACKEN with **Ella Raines**

and William Demarest • Raymond Walburn • Franklin Pangborn

Elizabeth Patterson • Bill Edwards • Written and Directed by

PRESTON STURGES • America's Favorite Humorist

A Paramount Picture



The unwilling father of
Morgan's Creek be-
comes the unwilling
hero of Oak Ridge.

Life's new candidate for
a gal who'll go far.

Papa Kockenlocker becomes
a marine sergeant — and on
him it's becoming!



ADMIRAL MCINTIRE DOUBLES AS WHITE HOUSE PHYSICIAN & NAVY SURGEON GENERAL

LIFE'S REPORTS

THE PRESIDENT'S DOCTOR

by JEANNE PERKINS

When President Roosevelt announced that he would run for a fourth term, it was not wholly a personal decision. Provided his health was good enough, there never had been much doubt that he would be the Democratic candidate. The person who presumably made up the President's mind, therefore, was not Harry Hopkins, Robert Hannegan, or even Mrs. Roosevelt but Vice Admiral Ross T. McIntire, surgeon general of the U. S. Navy, official White House physician and vigilant watchdog over the Chief Executive's health.

Seldom before has the physical condition of a public man been so much a matter of political concern. Despite his physical handicap, Roosevelt has survived three of the most trying terms in U. S. history. On the current question, whether Roosevelt can survive a fourth term, Dr. McIntire will not commit himself. But, on his patient's condition at the moment, he states: "The President's health is excellent. I can say that unqualifiedly."

Every morning about 8:30, the doctor parks his 5-year-old Lincoln convertible in front of the White House annex, strolls down the corridor into the main building, up the stairs and into the Executive bedchamber where the President is holding his daily bedside bull session. McIntire's is the only professional call and he is careful not to interrupt the flow of fun and good stories by asking, "How do you feel this morning?" or "Did you have a good night?" Instead, he listens to the boys on stage, tells a story himself on occasion and usually livens up the conversation with odd bits from the current news or a discussion of a topic always dear to his patient's heart, Navy business. After his half-hour in the Executive bedchamber the doctor goes down to his office in the basement of the White House. There he

deals with the health problems of the 200-odd White House occupants as relayed to him by his assistant, Lieut. Commander George Fox.

Having discharged these duties, the Admiral leaves the White House around 10 o'clock and goes to his office in the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. With very little breast-beating and practically no publicity, Surgeon General McIntire has built up his medical force from a prewar strength of 11,000 to 140,000—larger than the entire U. S. peacetime Navy. The phenomenal medical work now being done by the Navy on the world's battlefronts owes much of its effectiveness to his advance planning and direction.

Dr. McIntire occasionally looks in again on his patient around lunchtime and always after he leaves the bureau, around 4:30. He usually stays at the White House until 7, the end of the presidential day.

McIntire goes on all presidential trips, but it is hard to determine whether he goes as personal physician or as good companion, for the Admiral has all the accomplishments demanded of him as a good fellow, including an aptitude for deep-sea fishing and a nice tenor voice. In addition, Admiral McIntire has the best bedside manner any White House physician ever had, under conditions perhaps more difficult than any other presidential doctor ever faced, and the secret of it lies in the fact that he has no visible bedside manner. To all appearances, both from the point of view of outside observers and of the patient himself, he is just a congenial friend who gives the President some medical advice now and then. That advice, nonetheless, is taken as seriously as it is intended, for McIntire is known around Washington as "the only man who gives orders to Franklin Roosevelt."

Everybody has a remedy

When he first took over the job of caring for the President, McIntire had the logical apprehensions about his patient's infirmity. Gradually, as a result of discreet consultations with various poliomyelitis specialists, trips to Warm Springs and particularly what the patient himself told him about his routine, paralysis became almost a side issue.

Beyond age and occupational fatigue, Roosevelt's chief health problem happens to be McIntire's specialty: sinus. There is nothing exotic about the President's sinus trouble; it is the usual, common, ordinary garden variety known among ear-nose-and-throat men as "thickened membrane," and is caused by a number of factors, notably Washington humidity, too much smoking and Roosevelt's general facial construction. Unlike many sinus specialists, McIntire belongs to the let-it-alone school and frowns on operations. He has never intruded surgically upon the presidential sinuses, nor does he follow any continuous treatment. When his patient gets a cold, McIntire administers mild, emollient nose drops, made up at the naval dispensary from his own private prescription, to help the mucous membranes shrink themselves and make sure that the nasal passages keep open.

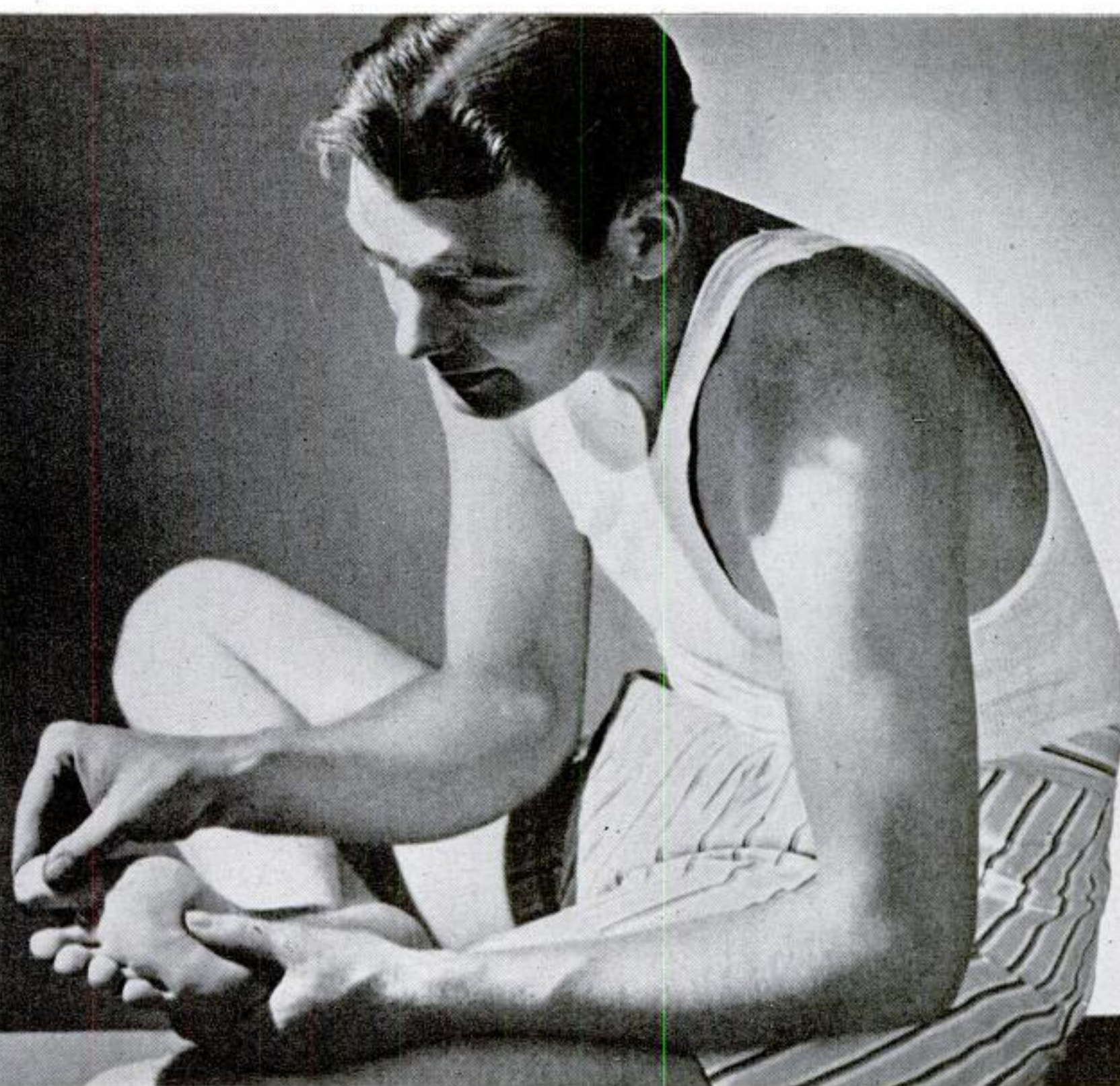
Every week brings hundreds of letters from well-wishers all over the country advising the White House physician how to cure his patient of sinus trouble. One old lady sent a sack of leaves with instructions that the doctor steep the leaves and have the President drink the infusion. Two or three others have sent ointments to be rubbed on the presidential chest. Suggestions of this type come so frequently as to be considered run-of-the-mill. More unusual was the prescription of a Kentucky mountaineer who wrote that after reading for 12 years about the President's trouble with sinus, he had decided it was his duty to part with an old family secret. If his remedy were followed, said the mountaineer, it would not only cure the Chief Executive's sinus but would insure him against ever having another head cold so long as he lived. The thing for the President to do was to sleep every night with a muskrat pelt on his chest. "If we did everything they told us to," Commander Fox sighs, "we wouldn't have a President."

Dr. McIntire remains calm and unresponsive to the persistent reports that his patient is not well. The President is tired, however, and McIntire has put aside his bedside manner in favor of a stern set of rules which he is currently enforcing: less smoking, shorter working hours, no business during lunch, vitamins (this is the first time the President has taken them). If these measures are insufficient to combat the inroads of age and a 12-year term, the doctor will institute more drastic measures.

As for the doctor himself, there is no questioning his ability to withstand four more years in office. A comfortable, relaxed Westerner who never raises his voice or his blood pressure, he has a rosy youthfulness that belies his 54 years. When he graduated from Willamette Medical School (now a part of the University of Oregon), he had little thought of ever becoming custodian of his country's chief of state. Once he did, he accepted the job philosophically and executes it conscientiously, without "giving a damn about politics." Whether or not Roosevelt is re-elected, McIntire feels, is beside the point. The President has plenty of hard work ahead of him in the remaining months of the third term and McIntire, as his doctor, means to see that he is in physical shape to cope with it.

CHECK YOURSELF for symptoms of ATHLETE'S FOOT

- Peeling between toes
- Cracks between toes
- Soft, soggy skin
- Itching



75 MILLION HAVE IT!

[A recent nationwide survey by the National Association of Chiropodists reveals a great increase in foot ills of all types, especially of fungus infection (Athlete's Foot).]

NEW 2-WAY TREATMENT



ON FEET

1. Use Quinsana on feet daily. The great majority of Chiropodists, specialists in care of the feet, recommend Quinsana.



IN SHOES

2. Shake Quinsana powder into shoes daily to absorb moisture, reducing chances of re-infection from shoe linings.

Chances are *you* have Athlete's Foot, even though you may not realize it. Surveys show over 70% of U. S. adults infected each year. Mild case may suddenly become serious. And Athlete's Foot is worst during hot weather. Fortunately, science has a *better* treatment which is producing remarkable results—new 2-way Quinsana method. In thousands of test cases, practically all infection cleared up quickly with Quinsana, now used by millions!

Quinsana action is based on knowledge that the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot cannot live under certain *alkaline* conditions; and that re-infection may occur from shoe linings. Being a powder, Quinsana is easily used both on feet and in shoes.

Since Athlete's Foot fungi may exist almost everywhere . . . everyone should use Quinsana daily to help *prevent* as well as relieve infection. (Diabetics should be doubly sure to use Quinsana daily). Also excellent for hyperhidrosis (excessive perspiration), bromidrosis (foot odor). *Pharmaceutical Div., The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco, Toronto.*

Foot health is vital to the war effort. See a Chiropodist regularly.



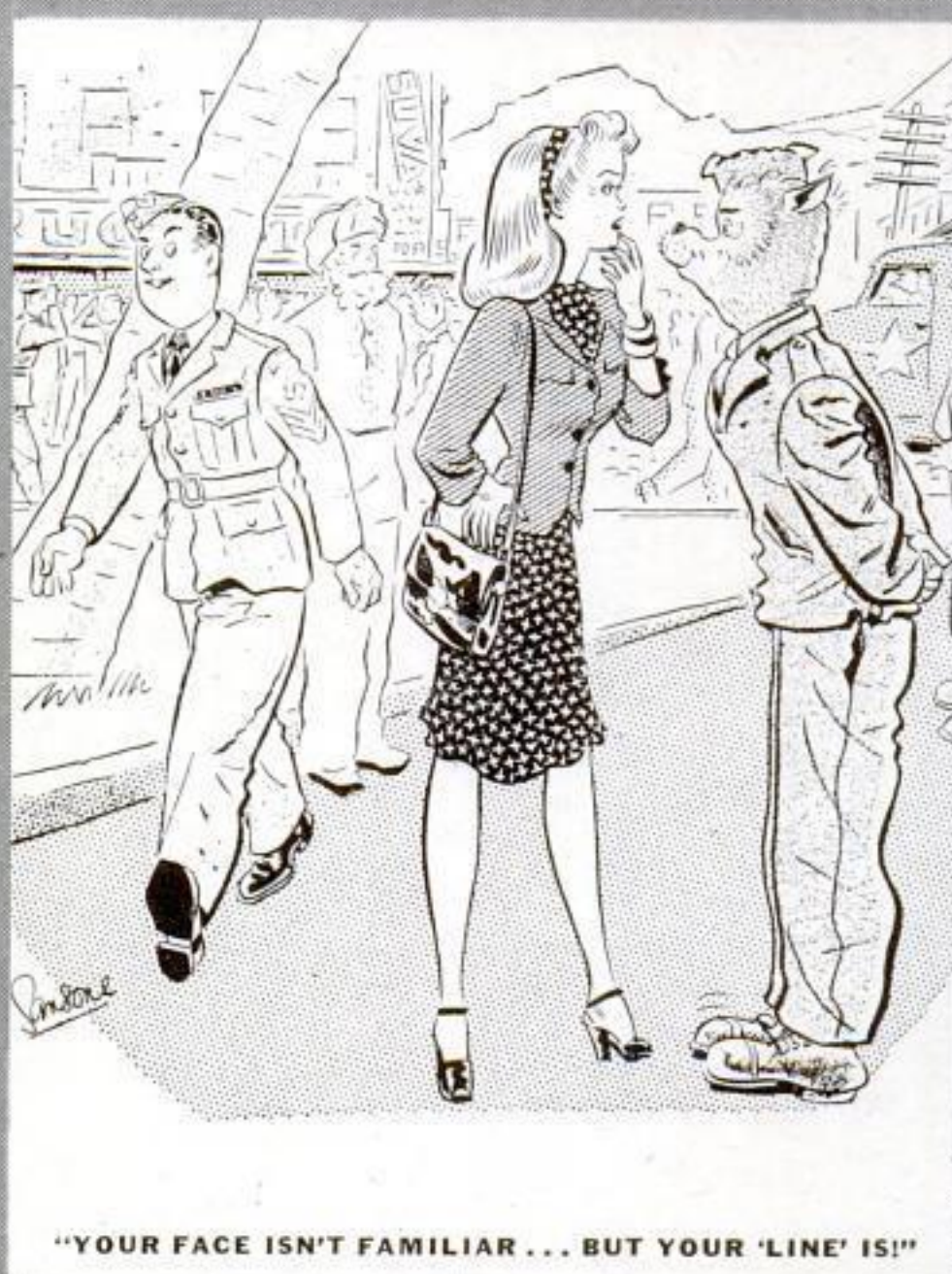
for
Athlete's
Foot

50¢

SLIGHTLY HIGHER
IN CANADA



"CAN MY SLIP BE SHOWING?"



"YOUR FACE ISN'T FAMILIAR ... BUT YOUR 'LINE' IS!"



"MY FRIEND HAS A SWELL IDEA FOR AFTER THE MOVIES!"

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . SOLDIER CARTOONIST PORTRAYS WOLF IN GI CLOTHING



SGT. LEONARD SANSONE

But his attitude toward a two-day pass remains essentially the same.

Cartoonist Sgt. Sansone is stationed in the Camp Newspaper Service offices in New York City, where he draws *The Wolf* and a number of the other features which CNS distributes to service newspapers all over the world. A graduate of Massachusetts School of Art and commercial artist in civilian life, San-

Along with the jeep, the robot bomb and Spam, the wolf in GI clothing will become one of the historical mementos of World War II. The most amusing testimonial to this wartime phenomenon is a dead-pan cartoon character who has been entertaining servicemen for a year and a half. His name is The Wolf. His face is familiar. The brain child of S/Sgt. Leonard Sansone, The Wolf has become a veteran soldier in his 18 Army months. He has had the complete training program, has been shipped overseas and has seen action.

sone entered the Army a month after Pearl Harbor, was assigned to Fort Belvoir, Va. where he worked on the camp magazine *Duckboard*. His soldier with a wolf's head, drawn as a gag for *Duckboard*, caught on immediately and has been increasing in popularity ever since. Today about 1,600 service newspapers record the life of The Wolf, his simple adventures, his one-track mind.

In a recent cartoon, 27-year-old Sansone took a sly poke at his chief rival in service circulation, Milton Caniff. He introduced his shaggy-haired wolf to voluptuous Lace, heroine of *Male Call* (*LIFE*, Mar. 1, 1943), a virile GI brother to Caniff's *Terry and the Pirates*. Caniff retaliated in a similar vein (see page 8). Like *Male Call*, Sansone's humorous little hero is sent to soldiers, sailors, marines, even Canadian troops. While these readers are mostly young gentlemen, they rather cherish the reputation as wolves they have enjoyed ever since General Lear reproved some of their number for yoo-hooing at girls. As a consequence Sansone has received very few objections to his characterization of the predatory serviceman. *The Wolf* is also popular with the WACs.



"GO AHEAD—DON'T BE BASHFUL!"



"I FEEL SO MUCH SAFER, SITTING NEAR A SOLDIER!"



Thanks to:
Sgt. ALVIN BROWN
ARMY AIR BASE
MOSES LAKE, WASH—

"YOU'LL JUST LOVE MY COOKING!"



"IT WAS SURE—SWELL OF—YOU—TO—GET
ME—A—DATE TOO!"



"HEY SOLDIER — WHATCHA DOIN' TONIGHT,
NO DOUBT?"



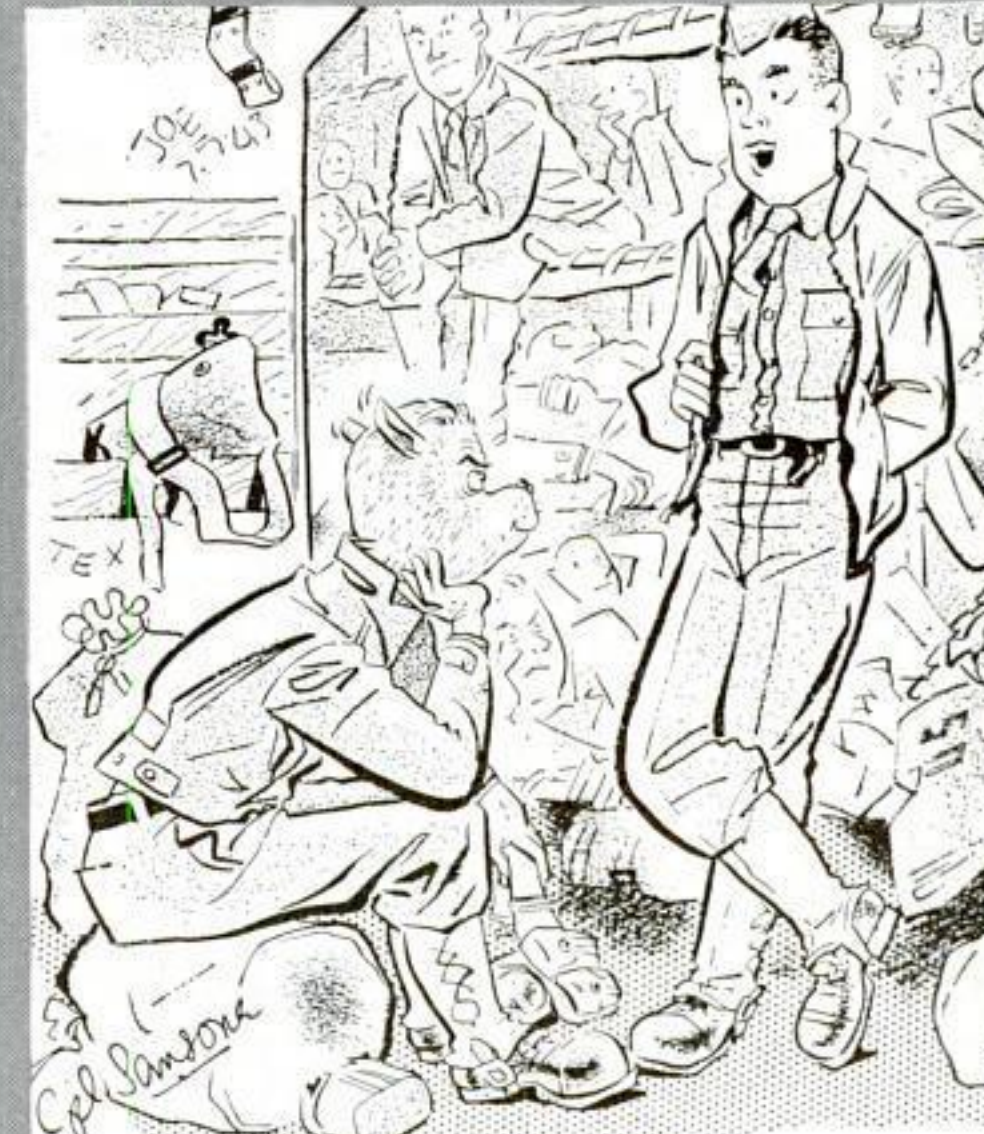
"IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR
PERHAPS I CAN HELP!"



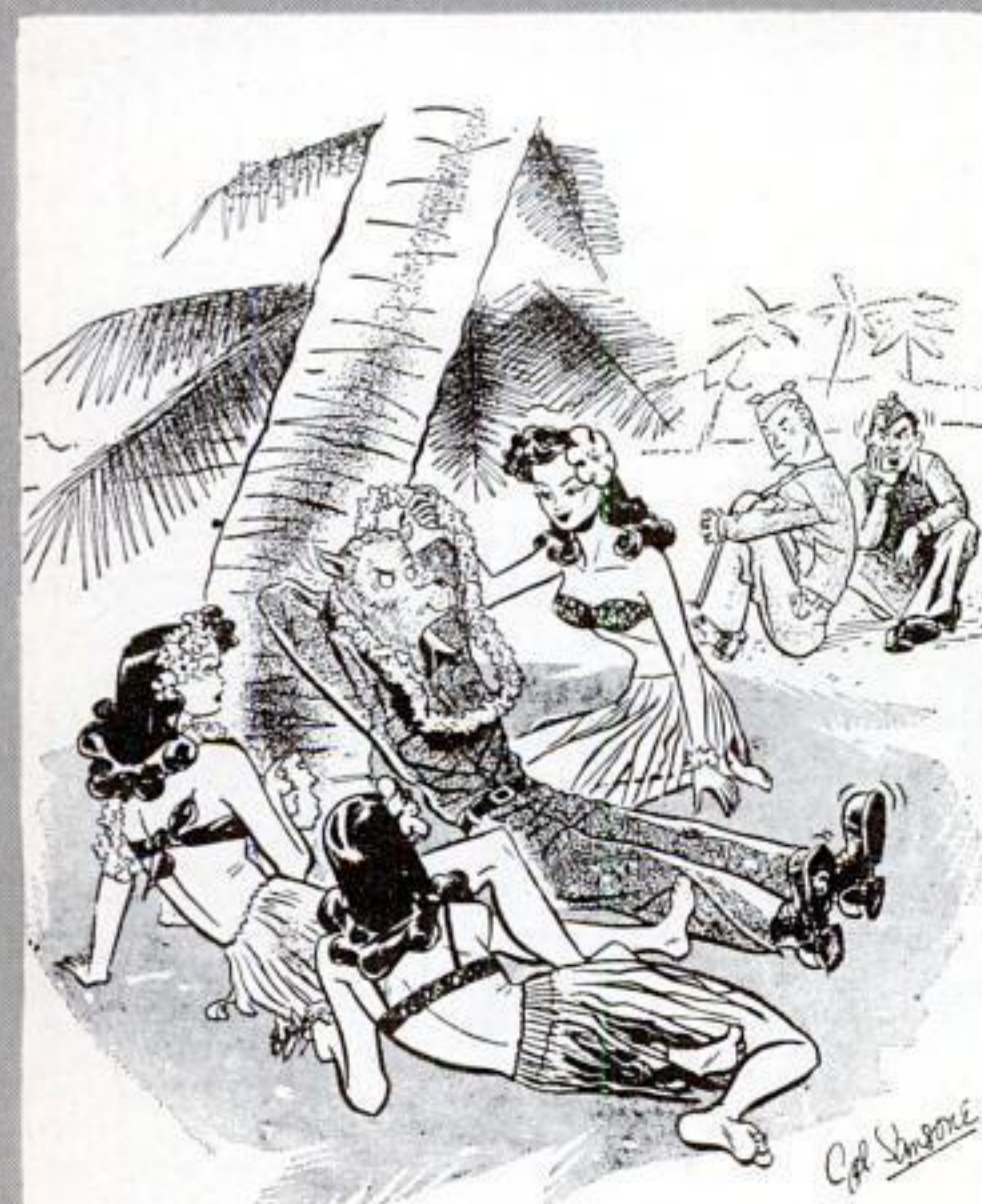
"FOOD—FOOD—FOOD! IS THAT ALL YOU EVER
THINK OF?"



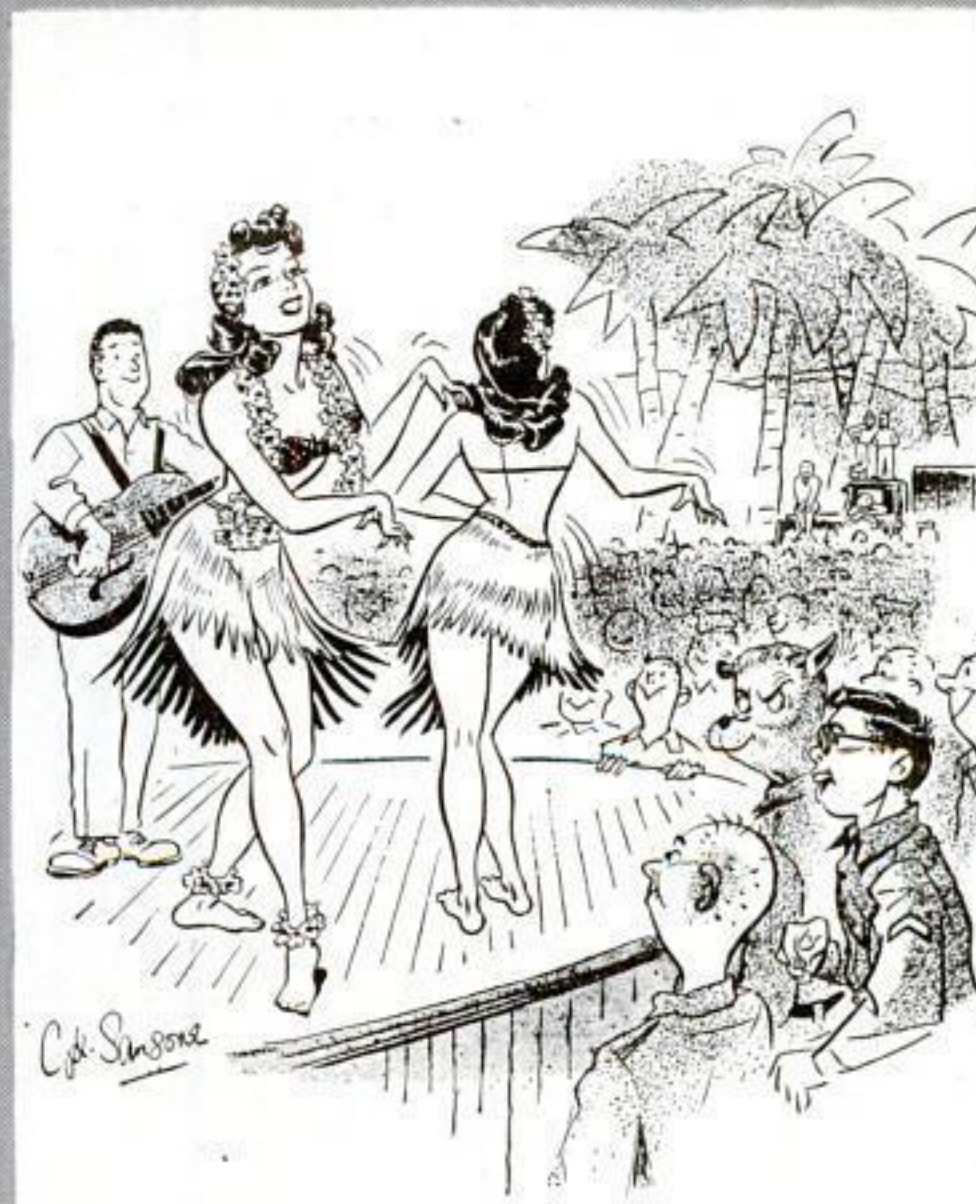
THANKS TO:
CPL. ALLAN DAVIDSON
FT. BELVOIR, VA...
"YOU'RE GETTING SHIPPED—TEACH HER
WHAT YOU KNOW!"



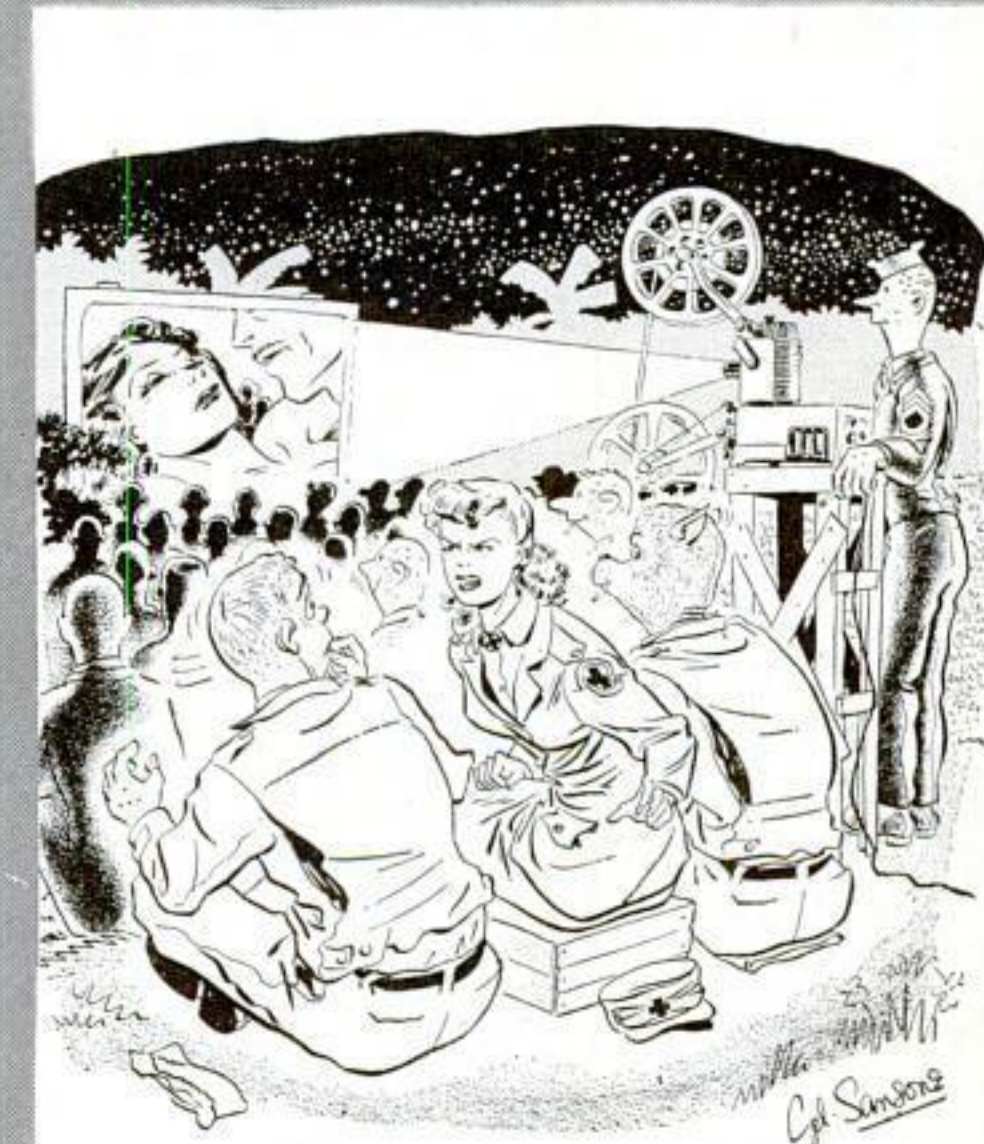
"... NOW THAT WE'RE OFF—WHAT'LL YOU
MISS TH' MOST?"



"IF THAT'S BASIC ENGLISH HE'S TEACHING
THEM. I'M 4F!"



"LOOK AT THE GUITAR — ONLY THREE STRINGS!"



"IF I WERE IN THE STATES I'D CALL AN USHER!!"

PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS

Guarantees* You a Clean,
Comfortable Shave with
NO RAZOR BURN!

YES, EASY-TO-SPREAD
PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS
SHAVE CREAM GUARANTEES*
YOU SMOOTH, COOL, PAINLESS
SHAVES EVERY TIME!
OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



1 Palmolive Brushless
wilts whiskers in a flash.
They come off quick
and clean. Leaves your
face smooth, cool and
comfortable.



2 Palmolive Brushless
lubricates your skin so
your razor simply glides
along without scraping,
without irritation, with-
out Razor Burn.



3 Throw away your
shaving brush and get
Palmolive Brushless in
the big, money-saving
jar. It guarantees you a
clean, comfortable shave
every time.



*** YOUR GUARANTEE
OF NO RAZOR BURN**
Buy Palmolive Brushless.
Use it day after day. If you
don't agree it gives you a
clean, comfortable shave
every time—with No Razor
Burn—mail the carton top
to Palmolive, Jersey City 2,
N. J., and we will imme-
diately refund your money!

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)

SANSONE KIDS CANIFF



Copyright 1943 by Milton Caniff, Leonard Sansone.
distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

MILTON
CANIFF AND
L. SANSONE

In "Wolf and Lace" Sansone depicted the meeting of his wolf and Milton Caniff's Lace. Gag line was: "Haven't I seen you—somewhere—before?"

CANIFF RETALIATES



"Male Call," Milton Caniff's lusty young strip for servicemen, replied to *The Wolf* cartoon by upholding the Sansone thesis on wolves: they all are.



1

Kodacolor Snapshots
with your ordinary camera
even with a Brownie . . .
with Kodacolor Film you
get full-color prints on paper

Kodak research brings you 5 different ways to make pictures in *Color*

**Perfected over many years—
available now**

There's nothing "experimental" about Kodak full-color films—the most important experimental work was done by Kodak research before 1935 when Kodachrome Film for home movies was first offered to the public.

Of course, there have been great improvements and new developments since 1935—notably Kodacolor Film, to get full-color snapshots on paper with ordinary cameras, which was produced in limited amount just before Pearl Harbor.

It was never given much publicity, for it led to a full-color aerial film which provided a military weapon of major importance. Our armed forces needed almost all we could make.

However, even now, Kodacolor and Kodachrome Films—to make all of the 5 different kinds of full-color pictures shown here—are on the market, though sometimes hard to find.

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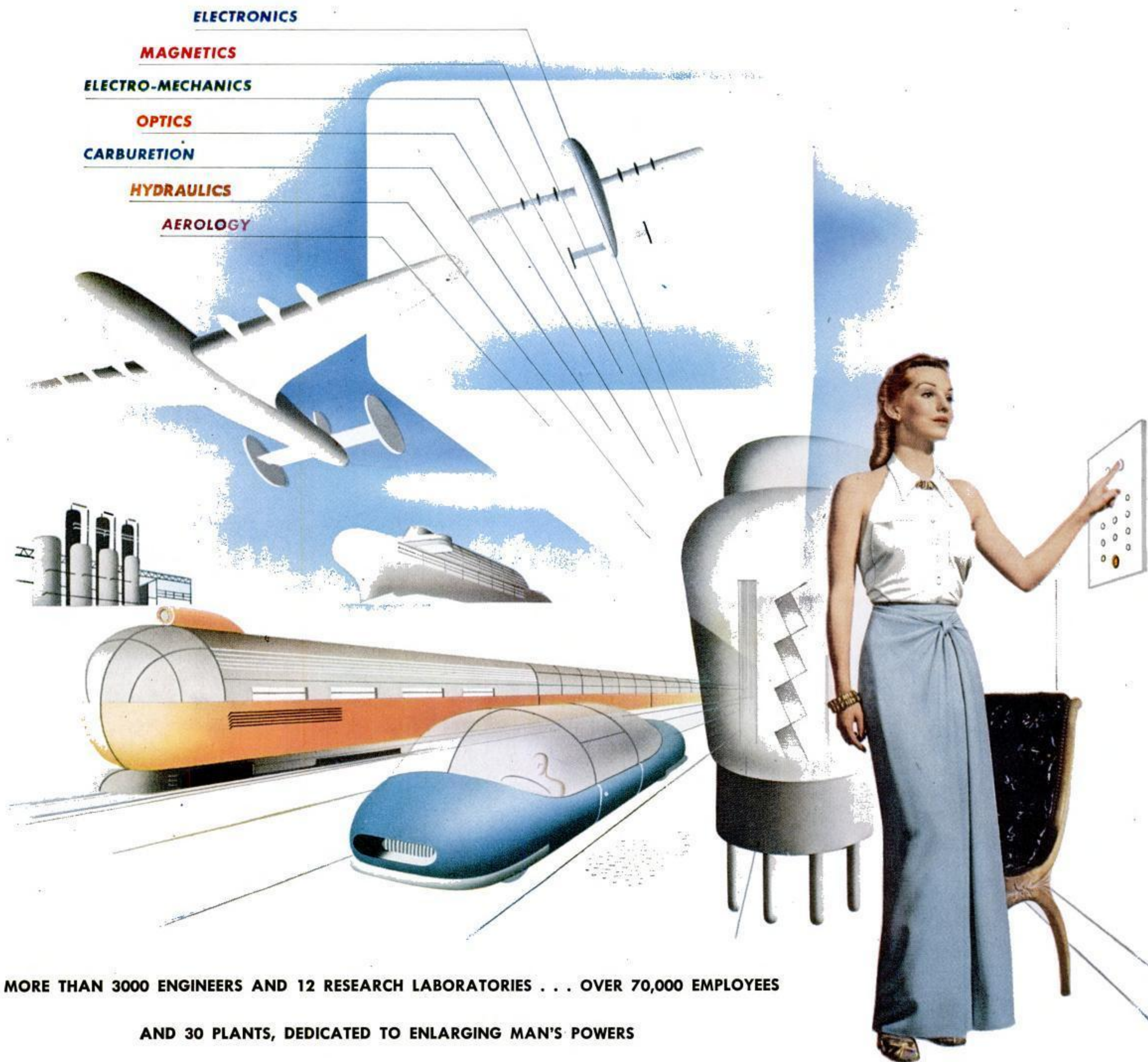
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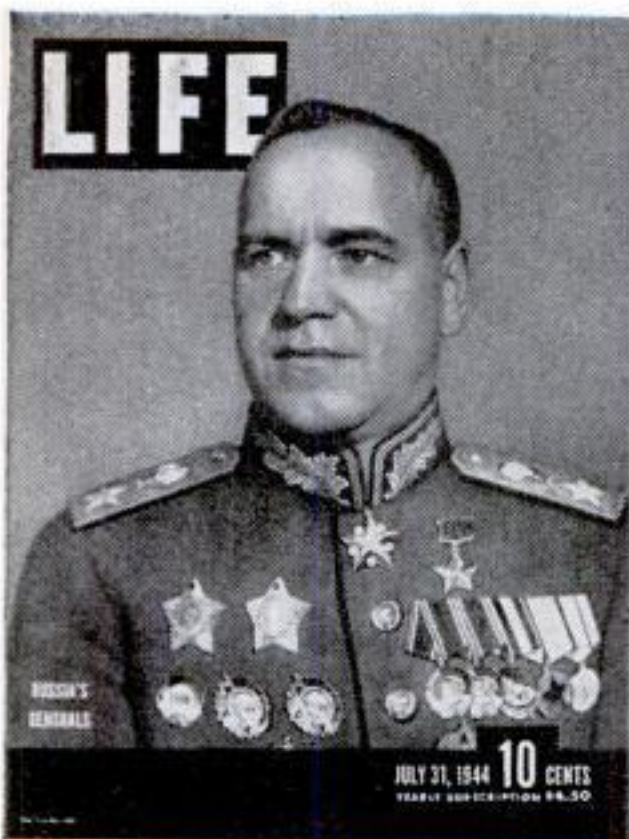
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LIFE'S COVER: The stony-faced Russian on the cover is Marshal Grigory Zhukov, 49, sometime chief of operations of the Russian general staff and commander on the southern front. He wears at his neck Marshal's Star; at upper left, two Orders of Suvorov; and at upper right the Gold Star as a Hero of the Soviet Union. Others: two Orders of Lenin, Order of the Red Banner, Stalingrad medal.

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July 31, 1944

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Phil Stern, who took the pictures of the Ranger survivors (pp. 59-63), was himself a Ranger combat photographer until a salvo of German shells caught him in El Guettar valley. In the Ranger tradition he tried to rejoin his unit, but was finally discharged because of his wounds. Brash, colorful, garrulous, he had a field day picturing his companions back at Camp Butner, N. C. While taking the group picture on page 59, ex-Sgt. Stern had his first chance to boss a whole rank of officers.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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What is a life line?

EVERYONE longs to look into the future, and many are the means that are used in trying to peer into its mysteries. One of these is the line in your hand curving down to the wrist. But this is not the only life line—it is, in fact, the least important.

If you have children, your line of life goes on through them. For it is your personal heritage—your ideals, strength and attitudes as much as physical characteristics—that flow forward into the future more indelibly than any crease across the palm.

Your children *are* the future, the beginning of further generations of which *you* will be a part.

And a man of pride protects that future as best he can. To build some bulwarks against the financial emergency caused by his death—to be sure his children will be educated and equipped for their roles in the future—

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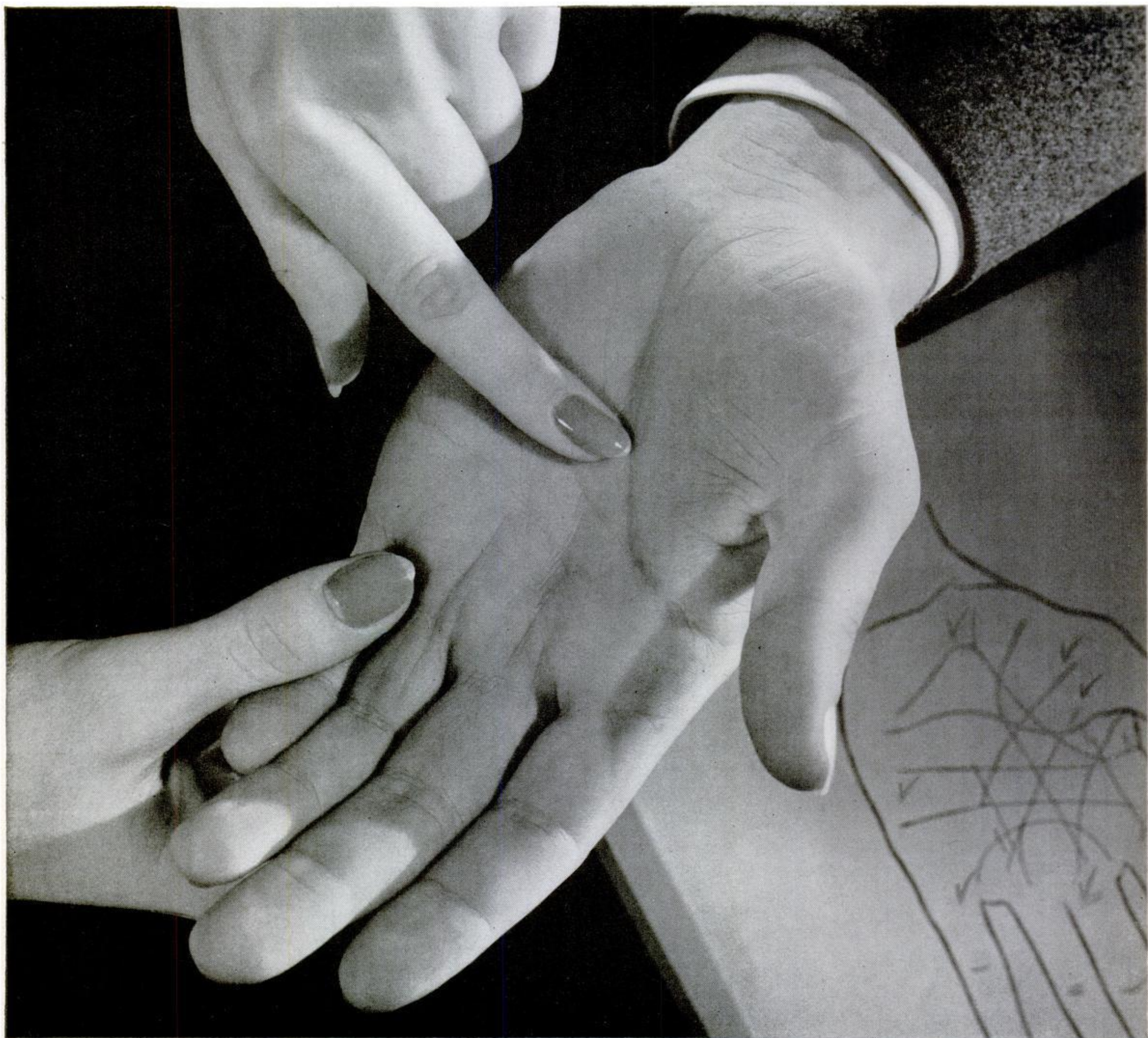
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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT



PRESIDENT SPEAKS FROM A BASE. FROM RIGHT, MRS. JOHN ROOSEVELT, COLONEL JAMES ROOSEVELT, MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT. HEAD IN FOREGROUND IS ADMIRAL LEAHY'S

ROOSEVELT NOMINATED FOR TERM IV

LOUD AND QUARRELSOME DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION DISCARDS WALLACE FOR TRUMAN AS VICE PRESIDENT

President Roosevelt spoke from an old observation car on a railroad siding at a West Coast naval base. The inside of the car was a drab, dusty green. The shades were drawn, making secrecy complete. He spoke into a microphone mounted on a battered table: "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen of the convention, my friends: I have already indicated to you why I accept the nomination that you have offered me. . . ."

Two thousand miles away his voice came clear and strong into Chicago's Stadium, jam-packed with 40,000 delegates and spectators to the Democratic National Convention. Earlier in the day, by a vote of 1,086 to 89, they had nominated him for a fourth term as President of the U. S. Now, although the speaker's rostrum was empty, they sat silent, listening to his formal acceptance speech.

It was peculiarly fitting that the President's voice should come to them by radio. All week they had had

difficulty keeping their attention away from the radio onto the doings of the convention. The President said, "The war waits for no elections." Last week the war was moving fast. The Japanese cabinet fell. Hitler was almost killed by a bomb and there was an army revolt in Germany. American troops landed on Guam. The Russians were only 400 miles from Berlin.

But the Democrats, even though they had one eye on the war, did not let double vision prevent them from staging one of their rousing, old-fashioned political jamborees, complete with parades, mobs, wire-pulling and loud, irritable bickerings. It was unlike the Republican convention where harmony and dullness prevailed. Here everybody had his say, Labor leaders, Southerners, political bosses, visionaries, and reactionaries followed each other to the platform. Delegates cheered first one, then the other. Sometimes they cheered just to hear themselves cheer.

For the first time in a modern U. S. political convention the big fight was not for the presidency but for the vice presidency. Seventeen candidates received votes. Vice President Wallace was supported by the C. I. O. and New Dealers. The opposition, led by the Southerners and big-city bosses, had to look hard to find a candidate to beat him. At length they came up with Harry S. Truman of Missouri, a machine politician who has made a good Senate record and who had the blessing of President Roosevelt. Neither an extreme New Dealer nor an extreme conservative, he was promptly dubbed "The Missouri Compromise." On the first ballot, with the galleries loud for Wallace, he got 319½ votes to the Vice President's 429½. But on the second ballot, with favorite sons dropping out and the maneuverings of the bosses successfully executed, he went far over the top with 1,032. Said he, "I accept this great honor with all humility."



AS THE VOICE OF THE UNSEEN PRESIDENT SPOKE TO THEM BY RADIO FROM A NAVAL BASE ON THE WEST COAST, DELEGATES SAT QUIETLY, FACING EMPTY SPEAKER'S PLATFORM.



Attorney General Biddle, a Philadelphia aristocrat, paraded in a funny hat carrying flag, during Roosevelt demonstration.



Unidentified admirers joyously milled around floor after the Barkley nominating speech. Demonstration lasted 40 minutes.



Helen Gahagan Douglas, actress wife of Melvyn Douglas and a candidate for Congress, addressed convention.



THE CONVENTION HALL, WHICH SEATS 25,000, WAS PACKED WITH 40,000 PEOPLE DURING THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH

CROWDS WERE BIG AND EXCITEMENT CONTINUOUS

The convention was always a good show. The crowds were big and the excitement continuous. There were bands, booing and oratory—some of it good, most of it bad. On night the President spoke (left) the committee energetically printed 15,000 more tickets than the Stadium would hold. Some 25,000 people got seats. Another 5,000 pushed into the aisles. Still another 10,000 milled around the corridors. Said one of Andy Frain's ushers (LIFE, July 24) "If the fire commissioner hears about this, we'll all be pinched."

The spectacular success of the convention as a show was inherent in the make-up of the Democratic Party. Every kind of American came to Chicago. There were Southerners, ripe for revolt, and Negroes from New York and Detroit. There were representatives of liberal Hollywood, of the conservative Middle West, of radical labor. There were city bosses and plain people from the little towns. There were happy people and sour people, ambitious people and lazy people. All of them wanted something; all were vociferous; all were Democrats.

They were startled the day before the show opened to hear that Bob Hannegan, chairman of National Committee, had forbidden sale of liquor in the Stadium. Fortunately the order was rescinded and the concessionaires did a whopping business. (There are no drinking fountains at the Stadium, only Cokes and beer to quench thirsts.) In four days the crowd downed 125,000 bottles of soft drinks. The daily average in beer was 40,000 bottles, and hot dogs went at the rate of 25,000 a day.



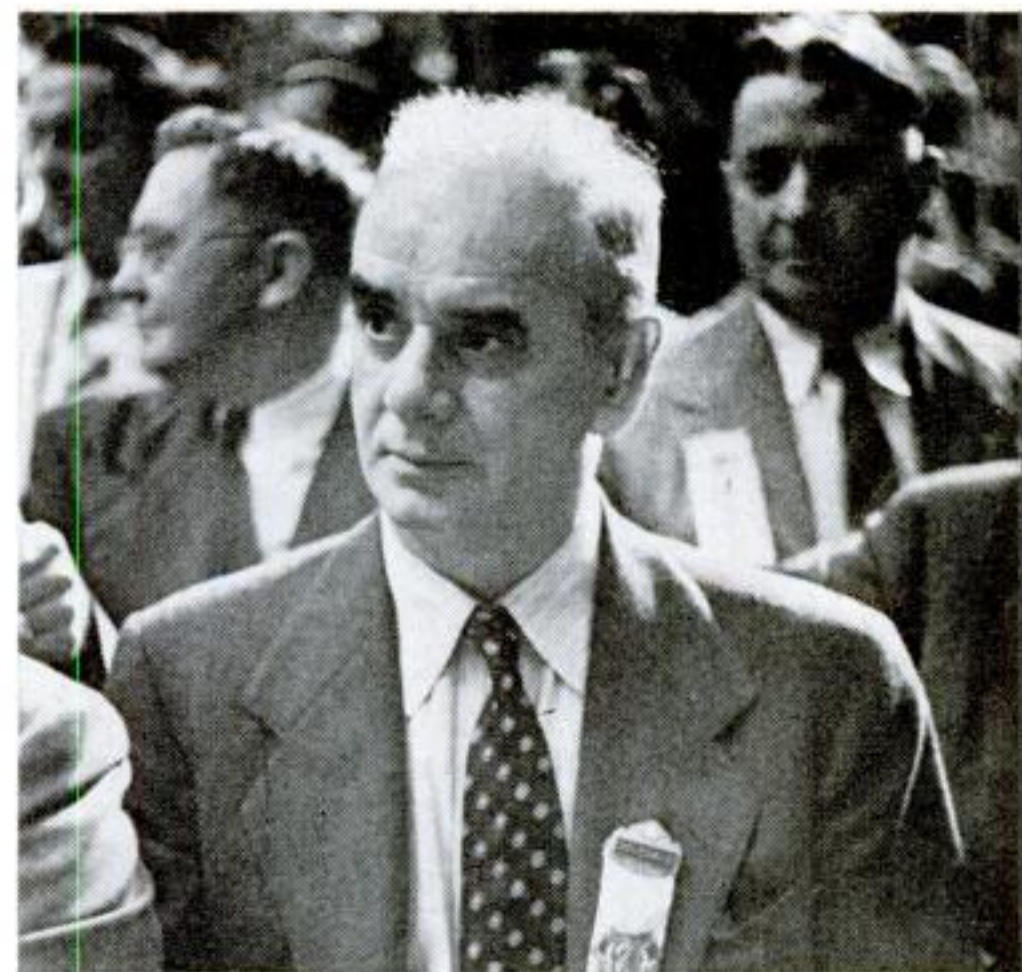
GOVERNOR KERR, AN OKLAHOMA OILMAN, WAS KEYNOTER



Senator Byrd, a Virginia Bourbon, was presidential candidate of anti-Roosevelt Southerners. He received 89 votes.

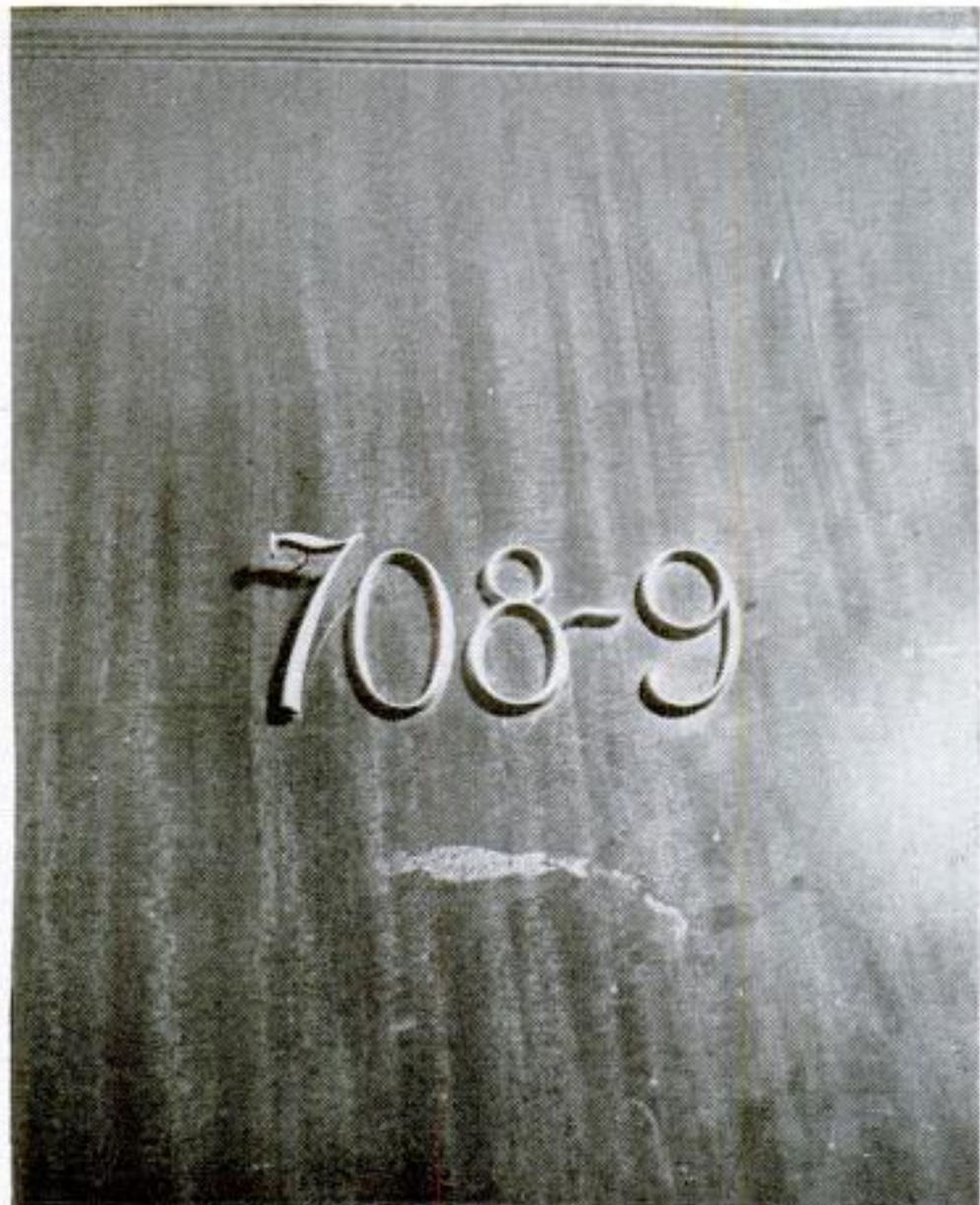


Senator Barkley, who nominated Roosevelt, was one of numerous disappointed seekers after vice-presidential nomination.



Philip Murray, C.I.O. chief, was a Pennsylvania delegate-at-large. C.I.O.'s political cohorts helped fill galleries for Wallace.

"UP IN HANNEGAN'S ROOM"



The convention's great decisions were made here in the national chairman's rooms at the Blackstone. There is an entrance hall, a bedroom, a parlor overlooking Lake Michigan.



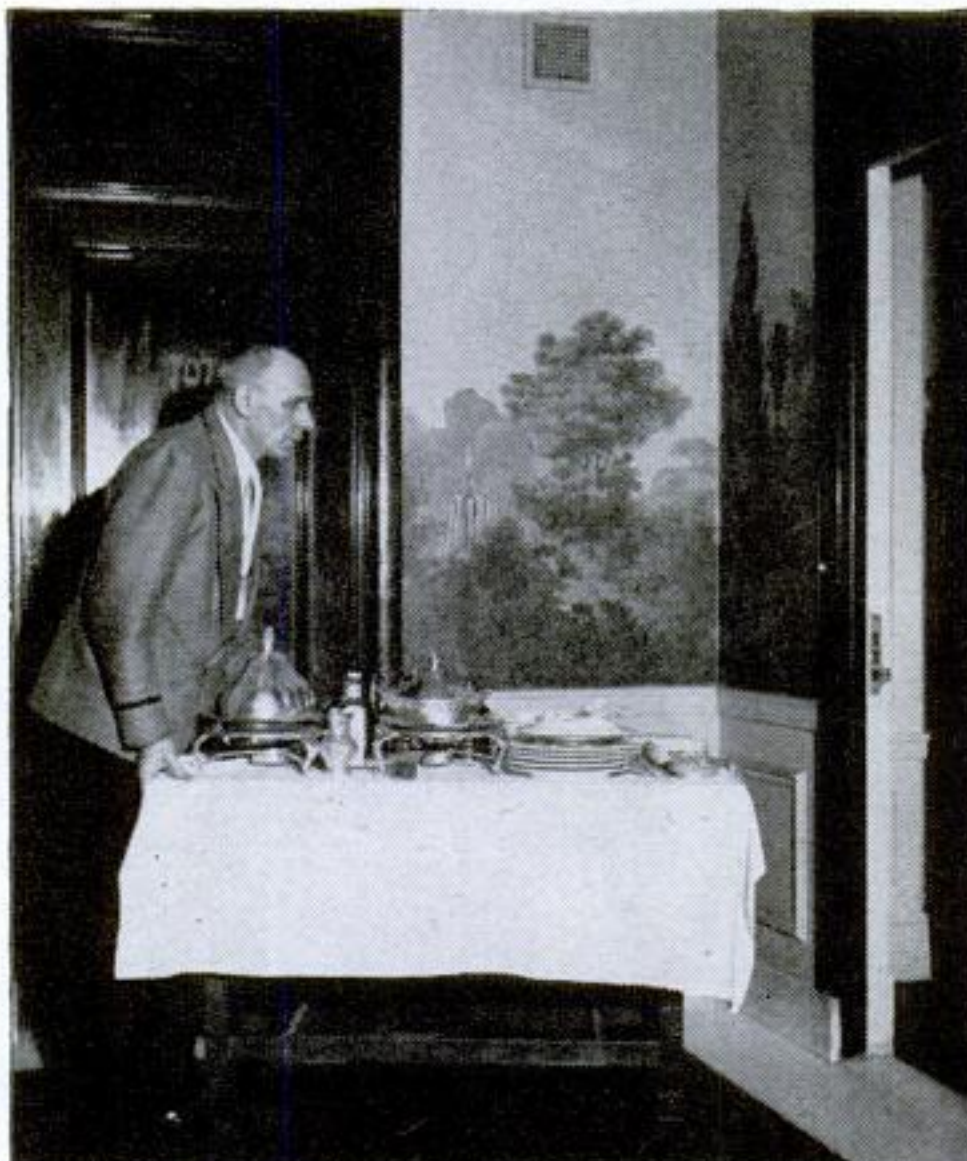
Postmaster General Walker comes out with Hannegan himself peeping out behind. Earlier Hannegan had asked the photographer to go away. "Nothing's happening here," he said.



Senator Truman makes a rare appearance at a Hannegan conference. He kept in background, working on platform committee and taking his wife and pretty daughter to movies.



Boss Hague, mayor of Jersey City, reports on the New Jersey vote. He is on way to a National Committee meeting. After the meeting Hannegan got a call, possibly from the President.



Dinner is wheeled in. It consisted of lamb chops, lima beans, mixed green salad with dressing and au gratin potatoes. Hannegan guests were Phil Murray, Sidney Hillman and Walker.



Leo Crowley, administrator for the President, walks out fast after a meeting. Other visitors: Senators Eastland and Maybank who reported on situation among Southern delegates.



Mayor Kelly of Chicago was in and out of room continually. Another meeting place for Kelly, Hannegan and company was in a room under the speakers' platform at the Stadium.



Sidney Hillman, chairman of C.I.O. Political Action Committee, is followed by Phil Murray, president of C.I.O. They told Hannegan they were for Wallace, did not want Byrnes.



Not admitted was Martin V. Coffee, national vice commander of the American Legion. He stood awhile, looked at the photographer and walked away. Many others were not let in.



KELLY GAVE DINNER FOR PARTY LEADERS. FROM EMPTY CHAIR, COUNTERCLOCKWISE: KELLY, MRS. HANNEGAN, SULLIVAN, KELLY'S SON, MRS. KELLY, WALKER, BYRNES, HANNEGAN

HANNEGAN AND "HARMONY BOYS" RUN CONVENTION

The show at Chicago was run by Bob Hannegan, chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He was convinced that Roosevelt wanted Truman for vice president. Accordingly, with help from what reporters dubbed the "Harmony Boys" (Mayor Kelly of Chicago, Postmaster General Walker, Boss Flynn of the Bronx, Mayor Hague of Jersey City), he set

out to sell Truman to the convention. Most of the selling was done up in Hannegan's room at the Blackstone, across the street from convention headquarters at the Stevens. To it came a steady stream of Democratic leaders. To photograph their comings and goings, LIFE stationed Photographer Tom McAvoy outside the door day and night. Results are shown at left.

THE TEXAS REVOLT



Leaders of the Texas revolt against Roosevelt meet insurgents from other Southern states. Texas sent two delegations to the convention: a "regular" delegation which had committed itself to oppose Roosevelt, and a "rump" delegation which was pledged to support the President.



Anti-Roosevelt Triumvirate, which organized and is currently promoting plan to divert electoral votes from President in South, consists of ex-Governors Martin Conner of Mississippi (left) Sam Houston Jones of Louisiana (right) and lawyer E. B. Germany of Dallas (center).



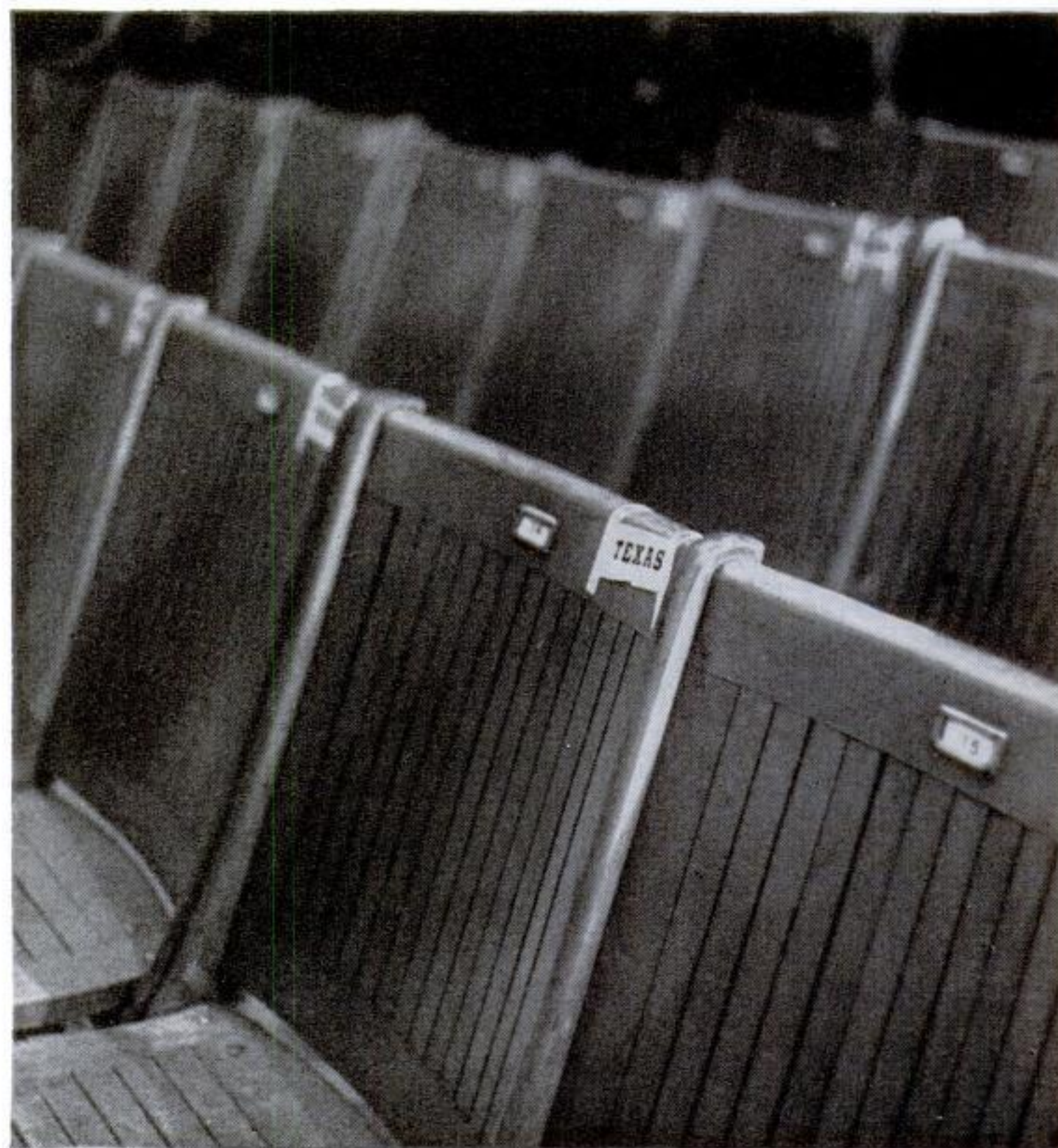
Rebellious Texans walk out when convention turned down their demand for sole control of state's votes. One angry bolter shouted into radio his allegiance to "sovereign State of Texas." Roughly a quarter of delegation, among them Chairman Moody, chose to remain on floor.



Anti-Roosevelt Texans hold a caucus at which they vote to cast ballots for Senator Harry F. Byrd. Presiding at right is leader of delegation, Texas' ex-Governor Dan Moody. Each Texas delegation sought the exclusive right to represent their state, to bar rival group from voting.

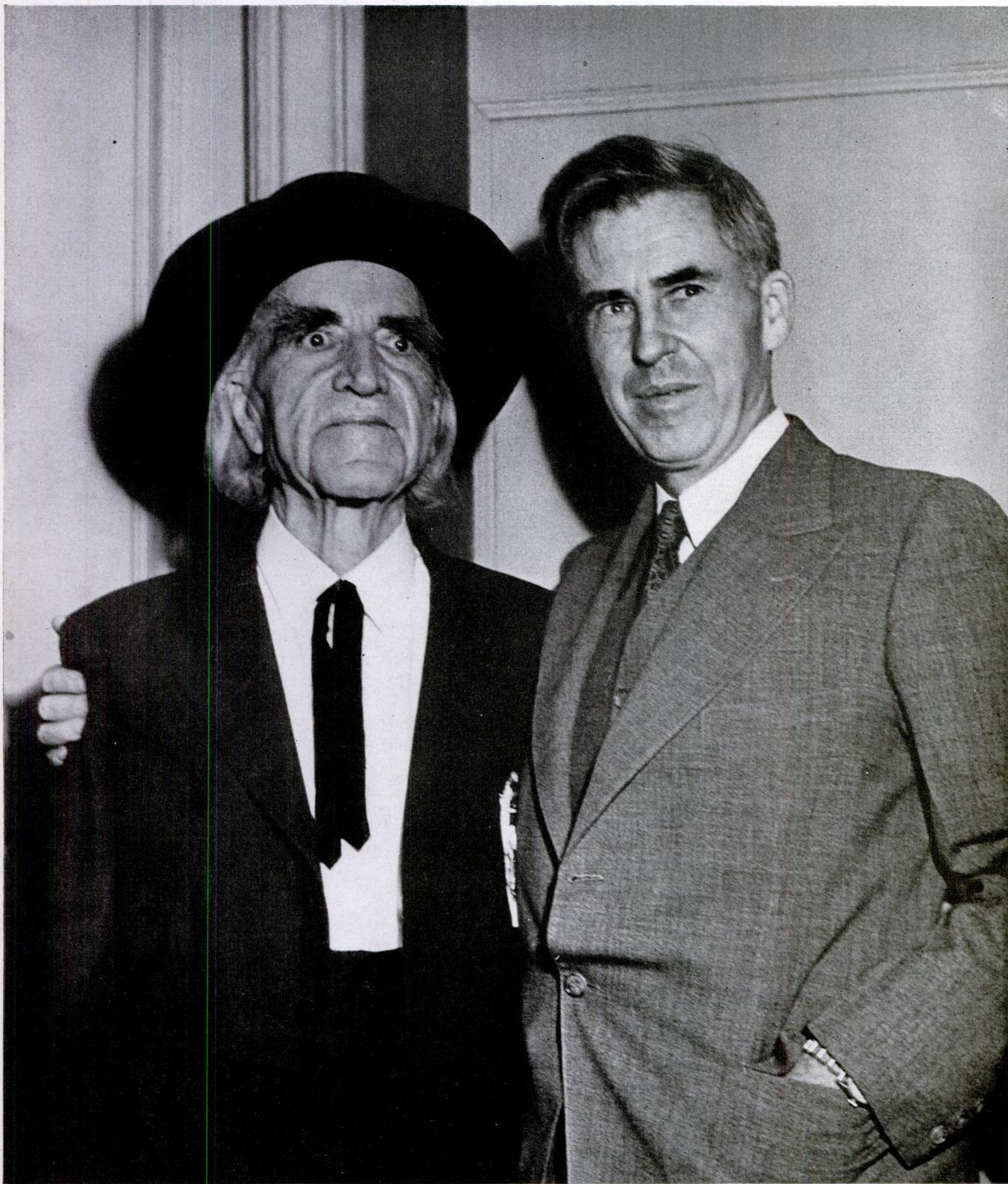


Texas delegates vote to walk out after credentials committee seated rival (pro-Roosevelt) delegation from Texas, ordered votes to be divided equally between two factions. Meeting was held in a Stadium office while Roosevelt demonstration was taking place on convention floor.



Abandoned seats, left empty by walkout of anti-Roosevelt Texans, were presently filled by rival pro-Roosevelt group who proceeded to vote for the President. The anti-Roosevelt Texans still have upper hand, may divert Texas' 23 electoral votes from Roosevelt in the election.

A MOST HONEST MAN



Vice President Henry A. Wallace walked into the convention at 8:30 p.m. on July 19 and received a spontaneous ovation that lasted 20 minutes. That was the high tide of his fortunes. He had arrived in Chicago only that morning, had conferred throughout the day with advisers, had appeared briefly before the press and uttered a single tight-lipped sentence, "I wish to say that I am in this fight to the finish." As he was leaving his press conference he spied Bryanesque ex-Congressman Edgar Howard, 85, of Columbus, Neb., and told photographers, "This is one picture I really want you to take" (*above*). Next day he took the platform to second the nomination of President Roosevelt and, in a speech no practical politician would have ventured to

make at such a critical moment, he reaffirmed all the principles for which he has stood and which have won him the costly dislike of many elements within his own party (*i.e.*, "political and economic democracy regardless of race, color or religion"). When the convention spurned his candidacy on the second ballot the *New York Times* editorialized: "Wallace's defeat might conceivably bring him more satisfaction than his success four years ago. . . . He comes out of the contest with his dignity unimpaired." The Republican vice-presidential nominee, John W. Bricker, was moved to comment: "He is a most honest man because he refused to compromise his principles even though he knew that such a stand would cost him convention votes."

DEMOCRATS AND C. I. O. - P. A. C.

SEEKING CONTROL IN A PARTY OF MINORITIES, A NEW POWER TOOK A SETBACK AT CHICAGO

If anybody wanted to know what sort of thing the Democratic Party has become, he had a wonderful chance to find out at the Chicago convention last week. In fact, the party gave a very complete exhibition of itself. In its revelation of confusions and inner conflicts, it was almost like old times.

Whenever the Democratic Party gives an appearance of unity, then you can be sure it is putting on a pose. But when the Democratic Party is loud with discord, then, sure enough, it's the same old Democratic Party that grandpa used to know.

The fact that the Democratic Party is the party of discord is a painful thing for it, but a very good thing for the country. For, being the party inherently incapable of real unity, it has been a place where every kind of contradictory attitude could hope to find a home. As one political writer put it, the Democratic Party has been a gathering place for "all the irrelevant prejudices in American life."

This state of affairs began, of course, when the Democratic Party was split wide open by the Civil War. When the Civil War was over, the party consisted of the Solid South and whoever in the North had reasons to go along. The most important people to go along were the biggest of big-city bosses. But, in grandpa's day, the South plus the big-city machines couldn't make a national majority—and so the Democrats had to welcome a third element which may be roughly called reformers—reformers of all sorts. And that is why the Democratic Party in addition to being the party of discord and discontent has on some notable occasions been the party of reform and served its country well.

The Party Today

This redolent aspect of Democratic Party history is recalled because it all came to life again last week in Chicago. There was the South—just as Southern as ever. There were the bosses—Hague, Kelly, Flynn and the rest—as slick and suave and rich as ever. And there were the reformers—"liberals" of all sorts and shades. And the crackpots. They were there—and they showed themselves.

Of course, time and Roosevelt have brought changes to the party. A new up-to-date portrait needs to be drawn of the post-Roosevelt Democratic Party. Last week in Chicago there were plenty of political portrait painters on hand and they were busy making sketches.

The schoolboy-simple fact about the Democratic Party—which nearly every political artist noted in his sketchbook last week one way or another—is that it is a bitterly divided party. Tom Stokes noted: "As wide as the Mississippi in flood in the lowlands of Arkansas is the breach in the Democratic Party between the northern branch and what are coming to be called again 'the Confederates of the South.'"

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

Boss Ed Kelly of Chicago was a firm friend of Boss Tom Pendergast of Kansas City before the latter went to jail in 1939 for income tax evasion.

But the cleavages are more than North and South. The Democrats are a party of minorities, or in the words of old-time Democrat Josephus Daniels: "... a party of differing elements. There is the South, where the party is strongest, yet no Southerner has been elected President since the Civil War. One of the biggest Democratic groups is the Catholics, yet Al Smith was defeated on that ground. Another group is the Jews, and no Jew can sit in the White House. Finally, there are the Negroes, and they are excluded."

And Anne O'Hare McCormick, a wise, non-partisan observer, sketched out this observation: "It will always be a question which is more characteristic of America—the Middle-West, middle-class, middle-of-the-road, grassroots-to-skyscraper community the Republicans typify or the strange parade of incompatibles that follow the Democratic banner."

In all of this, there is nothing very new about the Democratic Party. It is a sprawling mixture of groups who have little sympathy with each other; and some of them hate each other more than they hate Republicans.

But, as everybody knows, nothing ever stays the same. And we live in very unusual times. It is therefore to be expected that something new and strange and important should turn up in the Democratic Party. It has. That new thing is the C. I. O. Political Action Committee.

P.A.C. and the American System

It is, of course, not new that Roosevelt makes a big play for the labor vote—and usually gets it. In 1936 John L. Lewis gave \$500,000 to Roosevelt's campaign, the biggest slush offering in history. But that was small potatoes compared with the 1944 C. I. O. program which, together with its outside sympathizers, proposes to spend \$3,000,000 for Roosevelt's re-election.

The P. A. C. is not formally allied with the Democratic Party. It is nevertheless the most interesting thing about the Democratic Party of 1944 and was the talk of last week's convention. It is interesting because of its program. This program has no carefully thought-out "ideology" behind it like the program of the Socialist Party. It is, instead, a collection of limited objectives, such as subsidized housing, free school lunches and, of course, full employment. Yet some of the methods by which the P. A. C. would achieve these objectives—notably a National Planning Board, with the government organizing and giving directions to every industry—would almost certainly result in a revolutionary transformation of the American economic system. It would, in effect—whether most C. I. O. leaders realize it or not—put the means of making a living into government hands.

The P. A. C. seeks to bring about this program through the medium of the Democratic Party. Its candidate for vice president was Henry Wallace, and it had, as Phil Murray announced, "no second choice." If the nomination had gone to Wallace, whose own social philosophy is quite consistent with P. A. C.'s program, it could have been said that the P. A. C. had run away with the convention and with the Democratic Party, too. The U. S. would then have been presented with a profound issue between Democrats and Republicans in this campaign: do we want a "planned economy" and its end result of socialism, or do we not?

The inherent dividedness of the Democratic Party, however, triumphed once more. The P. A. C. show of strength behind Wallace panicked the Southern Bourbons and the big-city bosses, and they rallied behind the colorless Senator Truman, who was promptly and accurately nicknamed "the Missouri Compromise." The P. A. C. says it will support the ticket. But if labor as a whole supports it, it will not be because the Democratic Party has become an ally of labor. It will be solely because of labor's habituated faith in one man: Franklin D. Roosevelt.

F.D.R. and the Party

And what about Mr. Roosevelt? If he should be elected and then die in office the only real element of unity in the Democratic Party will have died with him. The claimants to his mantle will be many and shrill; they were many and shrill in Chicago last week. But who was Roosevelt really for? First he supported Wallace. Then he seemed to back Jimmie Byrnes. Then he came out for Truman and Justice Douglas. These men do not represent remotely comparable answers to the fundamental issue raised by the P. A. C.

What was visible at Chicago last week was the suspension of the Democratic Party by a thread. That thread is the life of a single man—a man who is willing to entrust whatever principles he may have to a Wallace or to a Truman. He preferred not to "dictate" to the convention as he had in 1940. He let the boys fight it out. In the fight, a new power made a bid for control and lost. If this new power, the P. A. C., loses its enthusiasm for Roosevelt between now and election, Roosevelt may easily be defeated.

The P. A. C. was beaten by a partnership, formed in a moment of panic, between the old Southerners and the old big-city machines, and managed by Truman's friend, Chairman Hannegan. The partnership is, to say the least, unstable. Any coherent group that seeks to control the Democratic Party hereafter will have to start all over again with the same old mixture of incompatibles we knew in grandpa's day. In other words, from scratch.

A protege of Pendergast was Harry S. Truman, a farm boy and politician. Last week in Chicago Boss Kelly threw the weight of his Cook County

machine behind Senator Truman in the race for vice president. When Truman won, Kelly happily lifted the arm of his old friend's friend in the air.



Boss Ed Kelly victoriously lifts the arm of Vice-Presidential Nominee Truman

MOSCOW REJOICES

Soviets shoot off rocket flares to celebrate Red Army victories

When the Russian armies win a victory at the front, Moscow salutes it with rockets and guns. This spring and summer Moscow's fireworks have been brilliant and frequent. The first two of these pictures, retouched for transmission by radio-photo, signalize the end of the spring campaign. The other four show the beginning of the pellmell offensive, which started June 22, the fastest in this war. By last week this had eliminated 500,000

Germans in one month. For the generals who produced this masterpiece, turn to pages 31-32.

Its effect on the German high command was presently to be heard in Hitler's headquarters with the explosion of a bomb six feet away from the Führer. In crushing defeat, Hitler and the generals had entirely lost one another's confidence. A purge began "in a National Socialist manner" and civil war raged in the German high command.



Capture of Odessa April 10 by Malinovsky brought a Moscow salute of 24 salvos of red, white and green flares and 324 massed guns. This is Red Square, with Kremlin at right.



Capture of Sevastopol May 9 by Tolbukhin and Yermenko won the same salute as the capture of Odessa. At far end of Red square is the 16th Century Cathedral of St. Basil.



Capture of Vitebsk June 26 in new offensive by Bagramian and Chernyakhovsky, killing 31,500 Germans, is celebrated in Pushkin Square, near the International Book House.



Capture of Minsk July 3 by Rokossovsky and Chernyakhovsky gets celebration of 24 salvos by 324 guns, here seen in the night sky across Moscow River. Kremlin is beyond.



Capture of Polotsk next day, July 4, by General Bagramian won gateway to the Baltic states. Here the flares burst over Hotel Moscow, with University of Moscow at the left.



Capture of Molodechno July 5 by General Chernyakhovsky opened way to East Prussia. Spectacular skyful of flares stops packed automobiles on the Moskvoetsky Bridge.



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Get a can of Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup today. Tonight at supper ladle out brimming plates full. And as you listen to the "Ah's" and "Oh's" going round the table, see if you don't feel well rewarded for trying this newest soup from Campbell's Kitchens.



NEW

Campbell's **BEEF NOODLE SOUP**

Swan is *four* swell soaps in *one*---



Watch the happy babies go for lovely Swan baths! So mild for angel skin! And pure as fine castiles!



See the jolly dishes heading for a sudsy Swan-dive! And see how smooth Swan leaves your hands!



How all your precious duds love those foamy Swan Suds! Swan's so baby-gentle it helps 'em last!



My, but a snowy Swan bath perks you up! This one pure soap is grand for everything!

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TUNE IN! "Bright Horizon,"
CBS Monday thru Friday



POLIO SUFFERERS REST IN EMERGENCY HOSPITAL AT HICKORY, N. C. BOARDS UNDER MATTRESSES AND AT FEET OF BEDS KEEP PATIENTS IN STRAIGHT, BRACED POSITION

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Child victims fill beds of an emergency hospital as epidemic hits rural counties of North Carolina

In the town of Hickory, in the western foothills of North Carolina, more than 100 children lie in hastily built isolation wards like the one shown above. They are suffering from poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis), victims of the annual summer epidemic which this year is one of the most severe on record. The epidemic which is expected to reach its peak in August has already hospitalized more than 1,000 victims, about a third of them in North Carolina. Besides the cases already diagnosed, health officials estimate that four times that number remain unreported. The epidemic is gradually spreading northward. For this virus disease which produces paralysis by its effects on central nervous system, medical science has found no specific cure nor immunization.

The suddenness with which the disease struck in North Carolina overwhelmed ordinary medical facilities. The polio victims, mostly children brought in from the little towns and backwoods, quickly filled up the few local hospitals. To meet the crisis in rural Catawba County, where more than 60 cases had been reported, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis mobilized local and national resources to set up the emergency hospital at Hickory. The Army supplied cots, tents and labor, the Red Cross recruited nurses from neighboring states and the Foundation sent doctors from Philadelphia, New York and Chicago. Convict labor was brought in to dig ditches for water mains. Local townspeople pitched in as carpenters, nurses and general handy men. Currently the hospital is caring for patients from a radius of more than 150 miles. Promise of this cooperative response is that at least 50% of the patients will recover without ill effects.



Polio victim, Muriel Watson of Boone, N. C. reads a comic book donated by townspeople. She has made rapid steps toward recovery and is expected to survive without paralysis.



Preliminary diagnosis is made on young polio patient by a team of examining doctors and nurses. Doctor (left) is removing a splint which had been applied to foot by a local physician to support muscles during transportation. At the hospital, treatment is carefully designed to

keep the muscles and limbs as free and unhampered as possible. Splints or casts are not used in active treatment at hospital. Admission tent was donated by the Army. No payment is required of the patients. The March of Dimes makes it possible to set up such emergency hospitals.

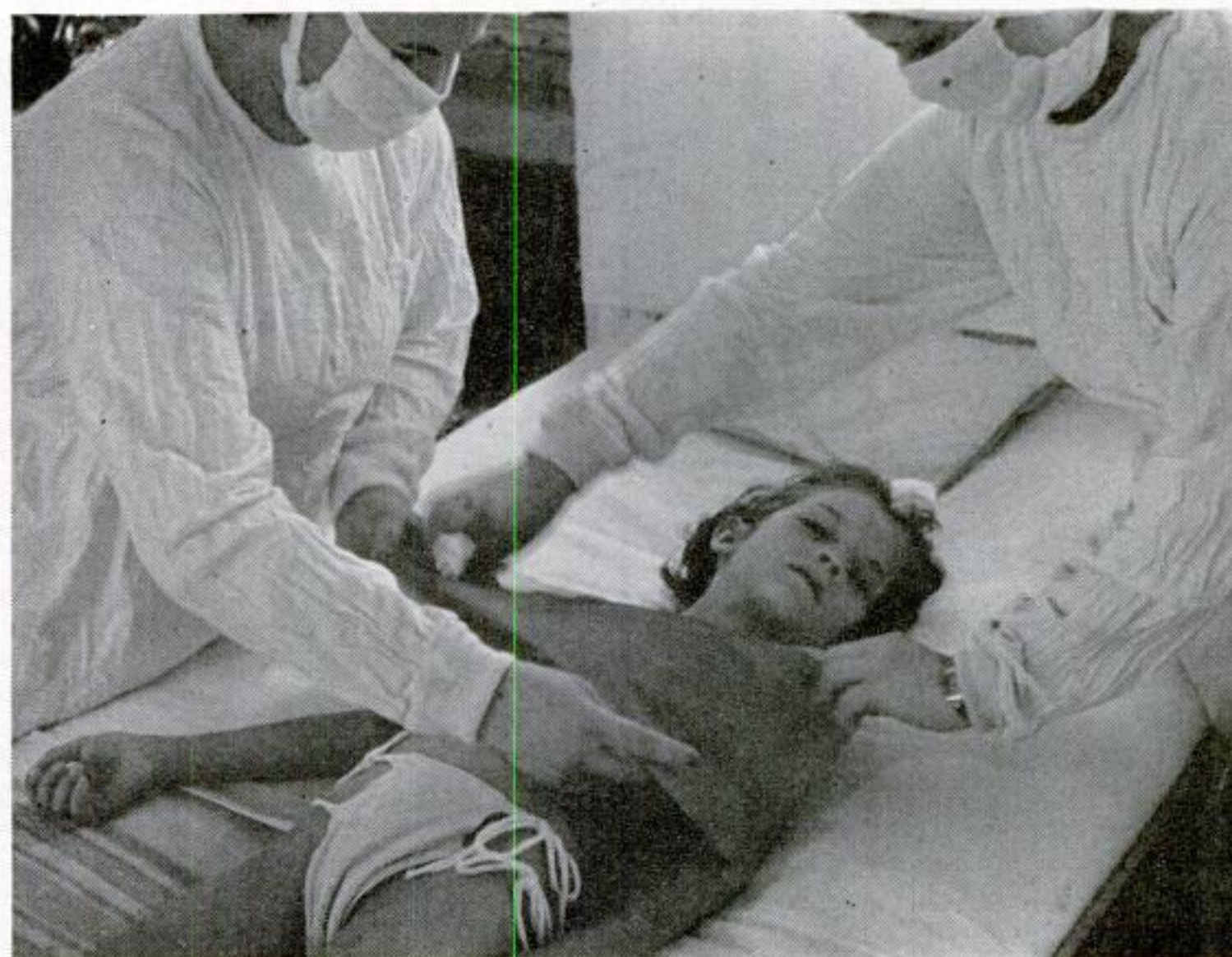


Volunteer nurses start on tour of duty relieving other nurses in the isolation wards at Hickory. Some of the nurses came from as far away as Florida. They live in the town and commute to the hospital in school buses for their regular eight-hour shifts. The hospital was hastily built on

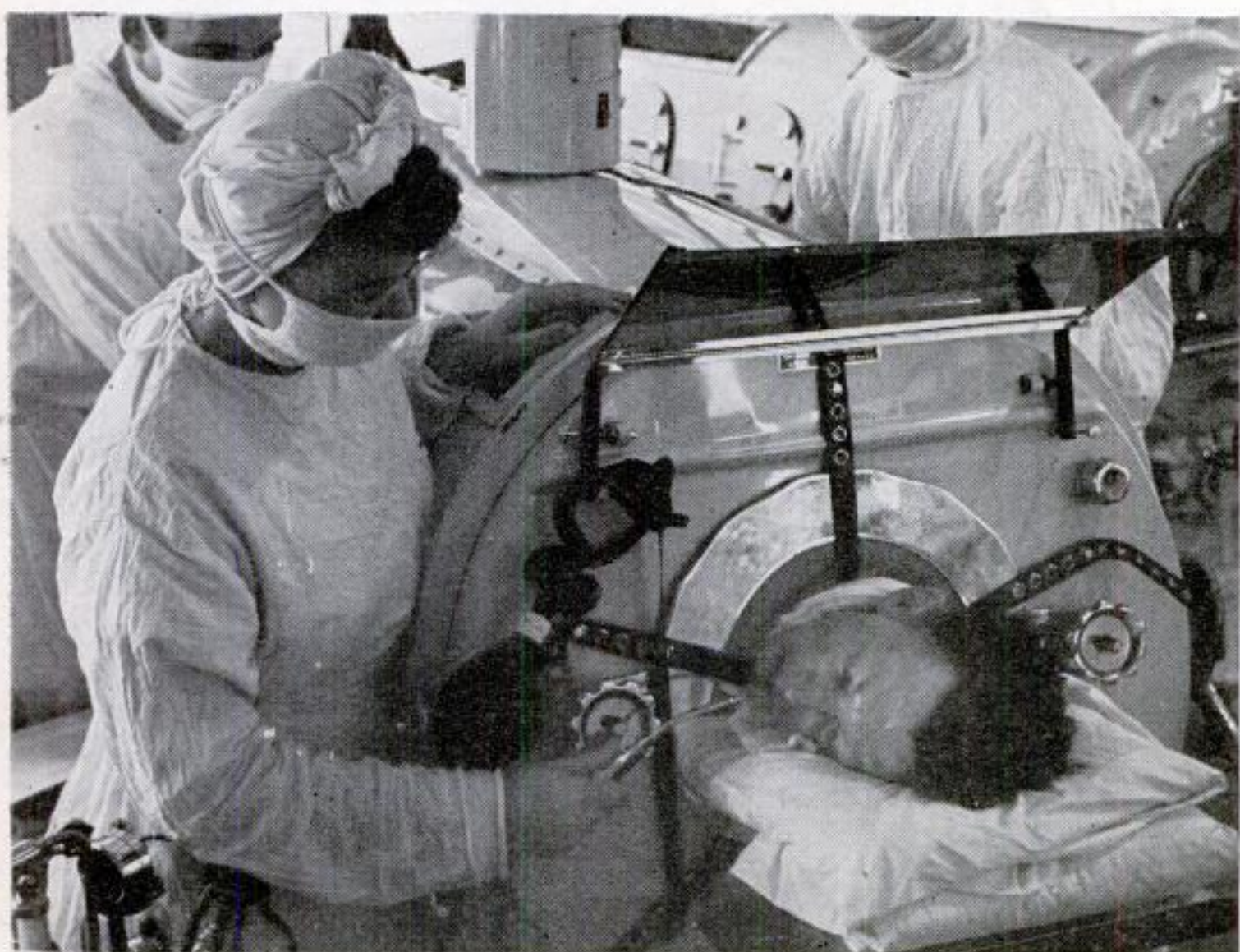
the site of a fresh-air camp about three miles from town. No one is allowed on the grounds without official permission. Tent at right of the picture is part of the doctors' quarters. Senior students from the Bowman Gray School of Medicine at Winston-Salem act as interns at hospital.



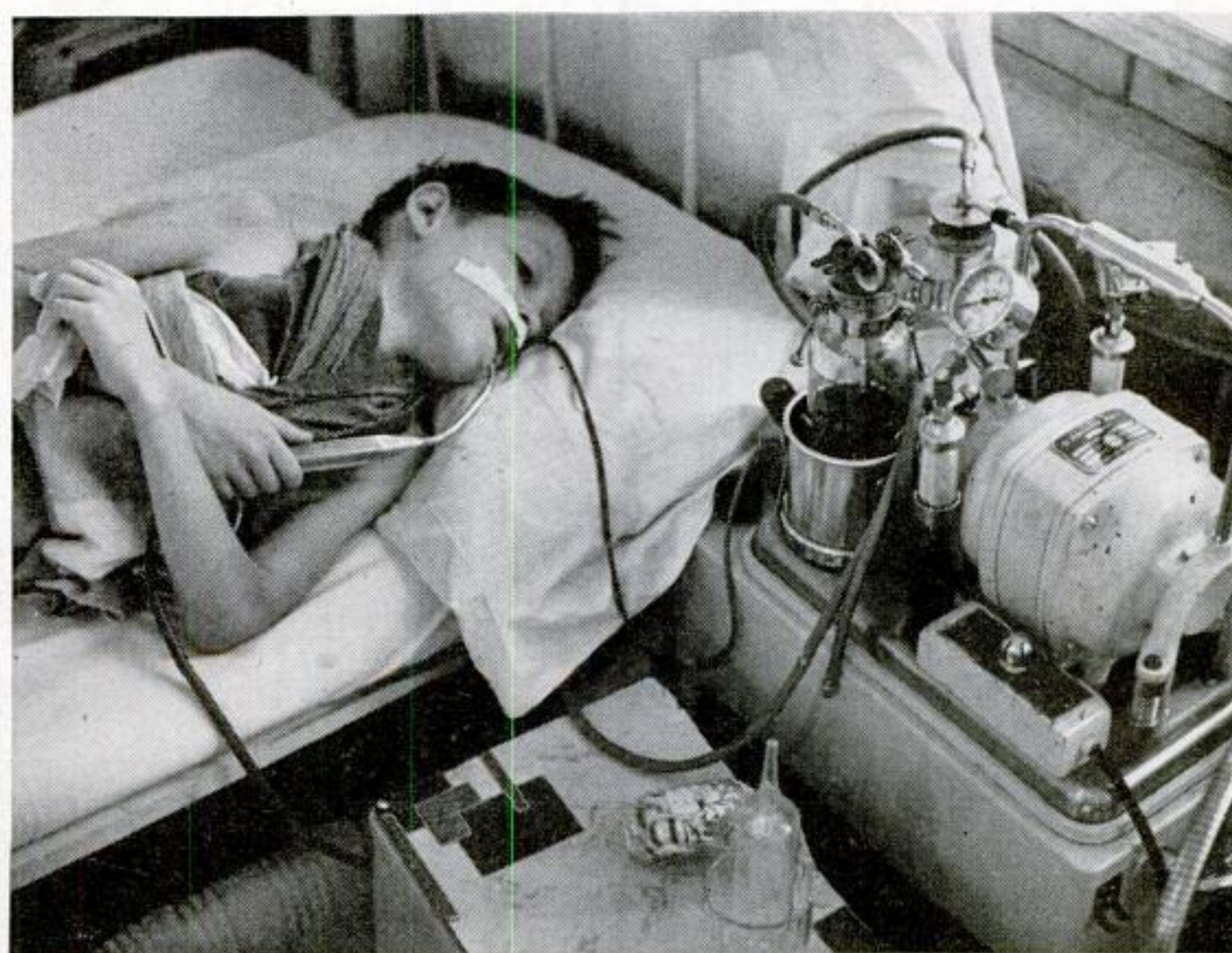
Spinal fluid is collected in small test tube from a puncture made in lower back of young patient. The fluid is used to determine the white blood-cell count. Cell count helps in diagnosing the disease. Doctor (left) is one of the local physicians recruited during the present emergency.



Hot packs are placed on the chest of polio victim to ease pain and to relieve the spasm of the affected muscles. This is how the Sister Kenny method makes use of the therapeutic value of heat. Woolen packs are dipped in hot water and wrung out before application to the patient.



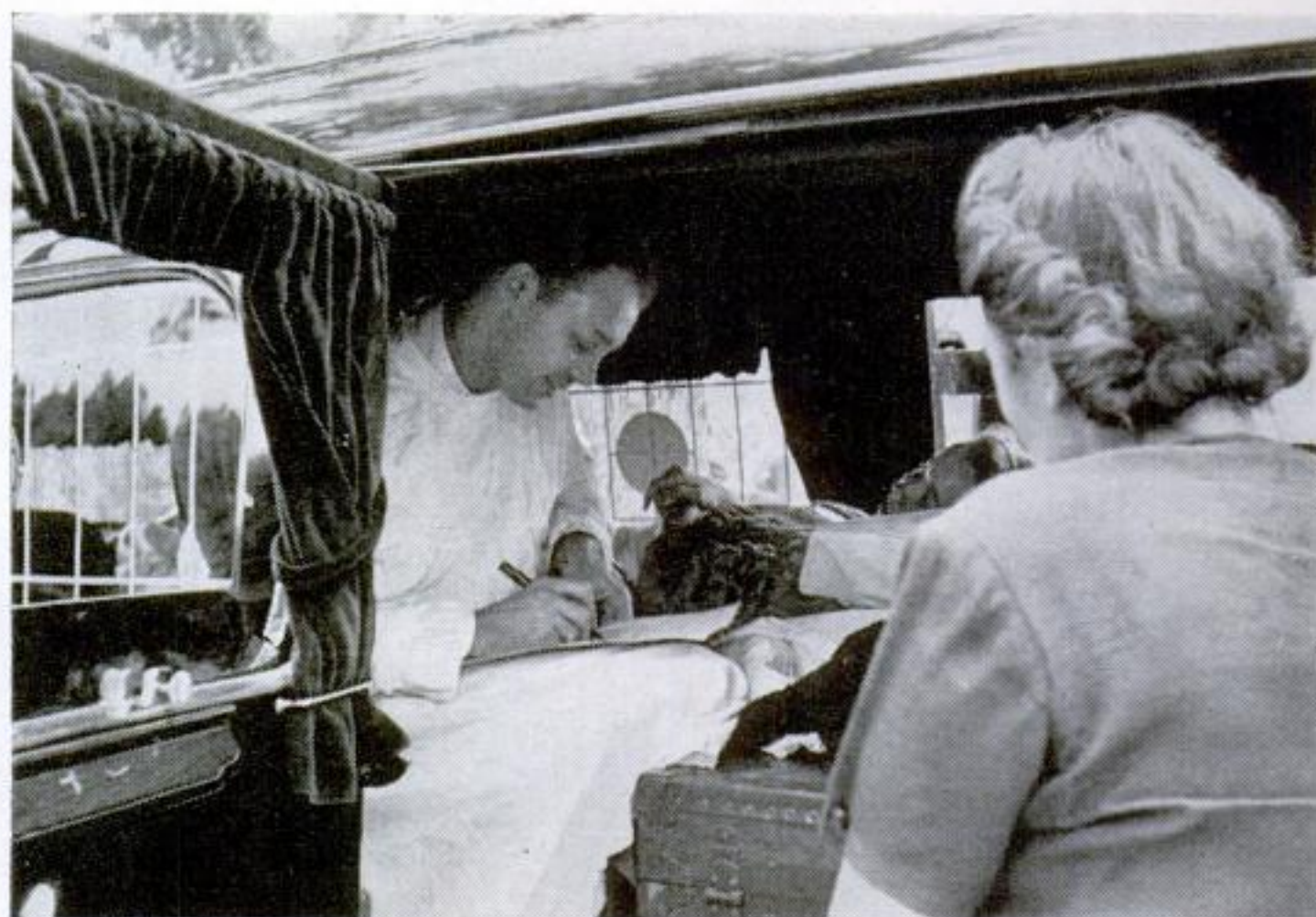
Iron lung encases 27-year-old Boyce Rash whose respiratory muscles have been paralyzed. Breathing function is so impaired that a mechanical apparatus is required to force air in and out of the patient's lungs. Seven iron lungs were shipped to Hickory, two of them from Boston.



John Bryan, 8, uses oxygen inhalator. It feeds oxygen to nose of patient who has difficulty in breathing normally. Most severe cases involve paralysis of respiratory muscles. Tube extending from mouth collects saliva which boy cannot swallow because of paralyzed throat muscles.



Sick child is carried away from admission tent by his brother after an examination. Hospital had ward space only for serious cases. This child was sent home to be placed under observation of a local physician who kept in constant touch with the doctor at emergency hospital.



Case history is recorded by doctor in a hearse. Shortage of ambulances made it necessary to bring many of the patients to hospital in hearses. Mother of the child (right) answers doctor's questions about child's symptoms. Child was later admitted to one of the wards.



Fly trap collects specimen flies which will be sent back to Yale University for research experiments. Flies were collected around house of one of the hospital patients. Virus of the disease has been found on flies but there is no conclusive evidence of a fly transmitting the disease.



Blood specimen is taken from the brother of a polio case. The specimen will be examined for strains of the virus. At left is Dr. Dorothy Horstmann, one of the many poliomyelitis researchers who came from all over the country to make extensive surveys of stricken area.



Convicts from state prison under watch of an armed guard dig a ditch next to a newly constructed ward. Governor Broughton of North Carolina sent convicts on an appeal from the hospital. This new ward was completed and ready for patients five days after it was started.



Local farmers offer a bushel of apples for hospital kitchen. This was typical of the fine response of the local people. Besides food they donated blankets, stoves, lumber, toys, linen. Many mothers and fathers of the patients stayed on to help as nurses and carpenters.

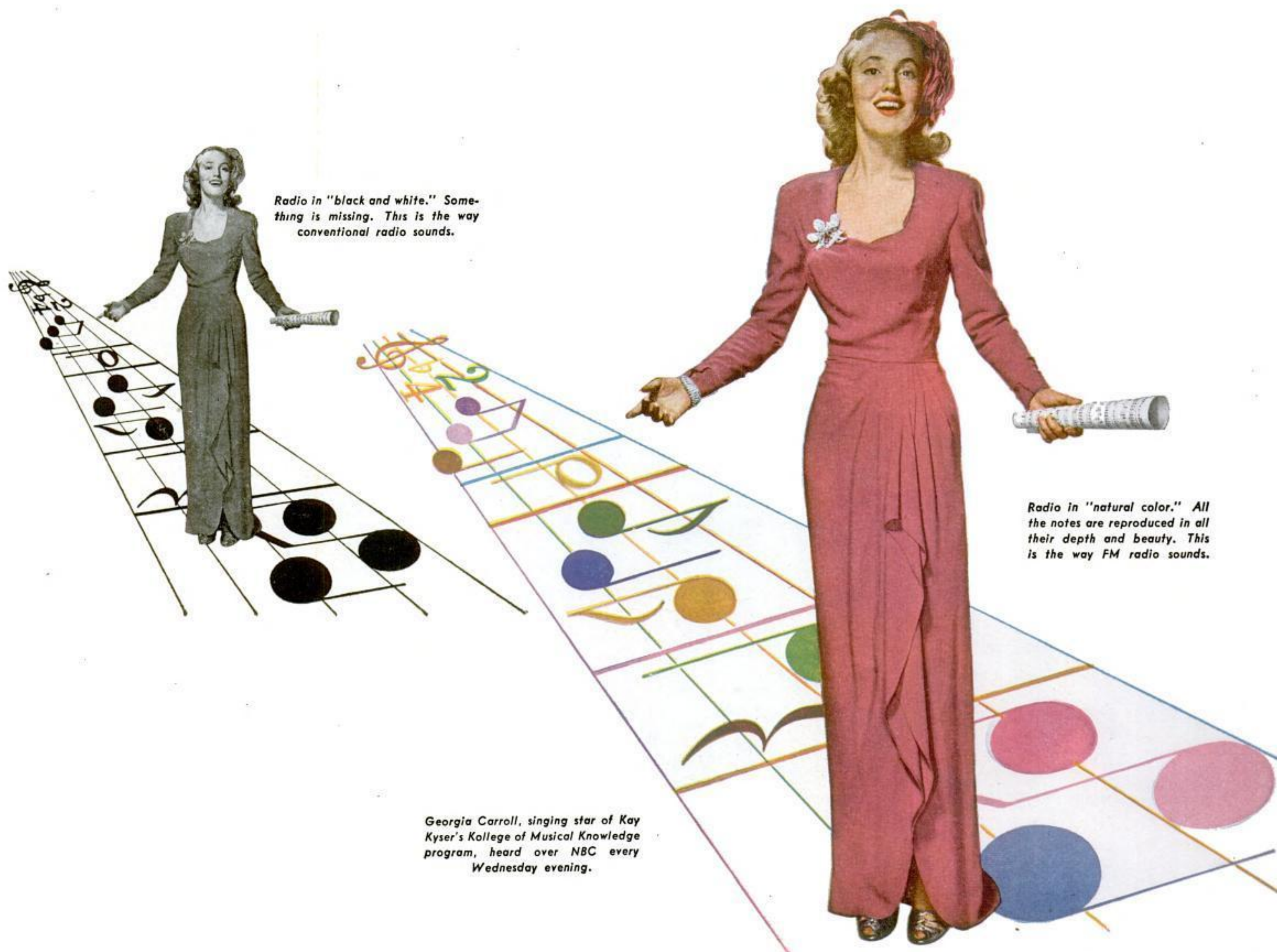
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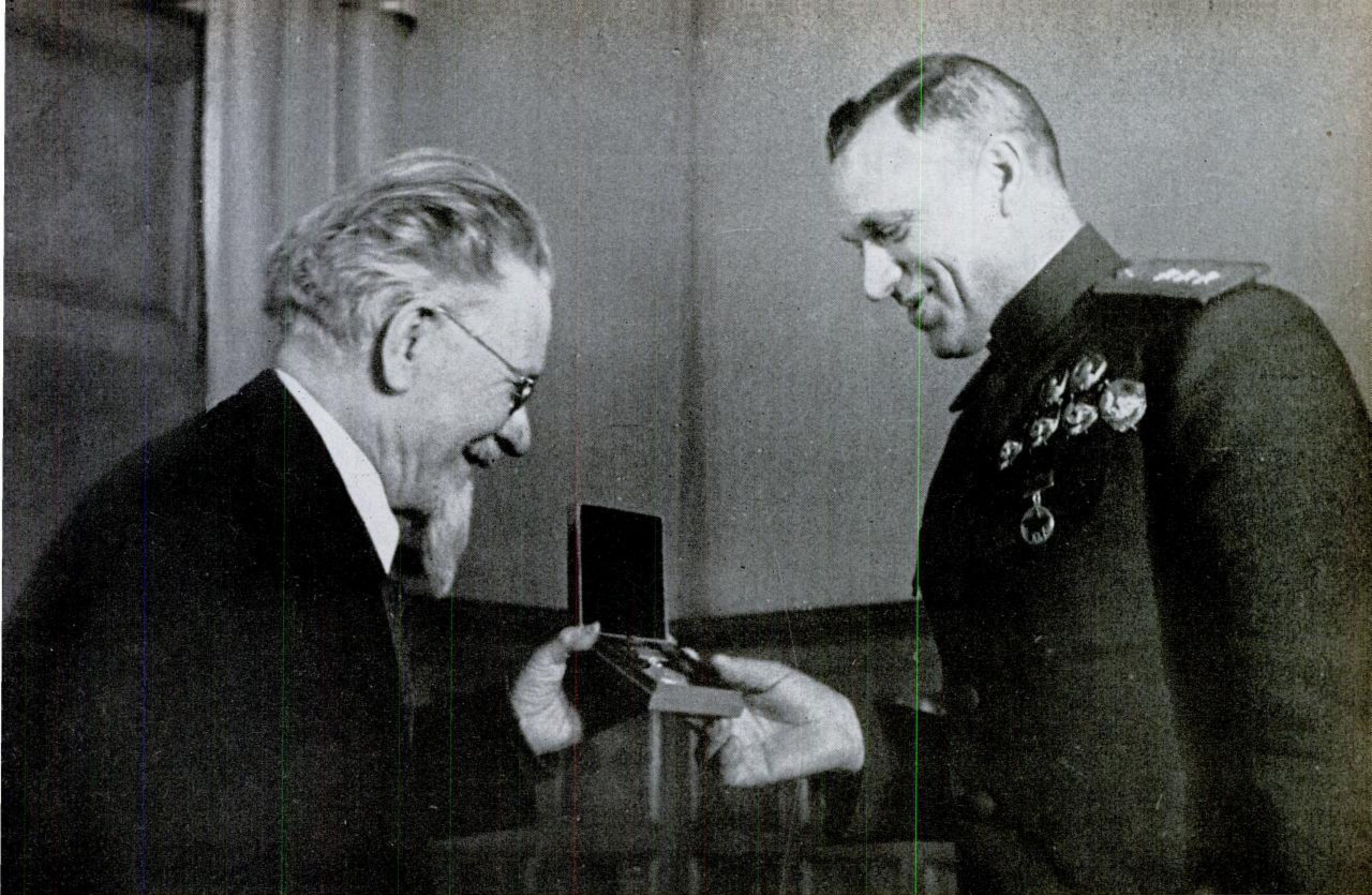
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PRESIDENT KALININ GIVES ORDER OF SUVOROV, FIRST DEGREE, TO MARSHAL ROKOSSOVSKY, COMMANDER OF FIRST WHITE RUSSIAN ARMY MOVING TOWARD BREST LITOVSK

RUSSIA'S GENERALS

Red Army release: portrait gallery
of its most victorious generals

The little-known faces behind the great Red Army are seen here in new set of pictures released by Russians. New shoulderboards, adopted only last year, mark these indubitably as recent photographs.

On this page are five of the men who are leading the present campaign which, reading north on the map from the Lwów front, is commanded by Konev, Rokossovsky, Zakharov, Chernyakhovsky, Bagramian, Yeremenko, Govorov and Meretskov. In the south, currently a quiet front, are Malinovsky and

Zhukov. All these front generals look determined, hard, intellectual, fit, occasionally cranky, more often ice-cold. Most are of proletarian birth but notable exceptions are Shaposhnikov and Rokossovsky (*above*), who was born of a good Polish family. All are highly skilled technicians. Red soldiers give the name of "favorite" (*liubimets*) to Zhukov, sometime chief of operations of the general staff, shown on the cover. Most of these generals have received the final promotion to marshal, which has no equivalent in our army.



General Meretskov, commanding an army on the long Finnish front, is a specialist in winter warfare. He fought in the Finnish war of 1940, beat the Germans at Tikhvin and Volkhov.



Marshal Govorov is commander of the Leningrad front, which means that he is responsible for breaking the Mannerheim Line twice, in 1939 and 1944. After Battle of Moscow, he led the army that retook Mzhaisk, then was transferred to Leningrad.



General Bagramian, 49, is commander of the First Baltic Army attacking Latvia. His partner is beetle-browed Yeremenko of Second Baltic Army. Bagramian, an Armenian cavalryman, was assistant chief of staff. Victories: Kharkov, Kursk, Vitebsk.



General Chernyakhovsky, 36, a Jew, is youngest army commander in the Red Army. He leads Third White Russian Army. Said he last week: "Give the Germans no rest."



Marshal Konev, 49, peasant invader of South Poland admires Peter the Great, Stalin and Timoshenko. He calls his men "comrade" and refuses to wear epaulets on great coat.



Marshal Rotmistrov has come up from a colonel since 1942, when he commanded the Third Guards Tank Brigade. He served at Stalingrad, was made lieutenant-general. He fought at Kharkov in 1943 and was awarded Orders of Suvorov and Kutuzov.



Marshal Voronov, 44, chief of artillery, took the surrender of German Field Marshal von Paulus at Stalingrad. A huge, calm, cold man, he is an artillery fanatic, used it to break Mannerheim Line in 1939 and was made vice commissar of defense in 1943.



Marshal Novikov, about 40, is chief of aviation. A broad, heavy man with gray eyes and a humorous manner, he led air force at Stalingrad, is a member of Stalin's Supreme Command.



Marshal Vassilevsky, 47, is chief of staff, a Stalin protégé and on Supreme Command. He long worked under Zhukov. He demands art as well as science in his commanders.



Marshal Shaposhnikov, 62, as chief of staff before Vassilevsky, planned the masterly retreats of 1941 and 1942. He was staff officer under Czar, became the chief of staff of the Red Army in 1937. He wrote *The Brain of the Army*, derived from Clausewitz.



Marshal Fedorenko commands Red Army's tank troops. At the outbreak of war he was made one of four new vice commissars of defense, to supervise the crucial expenditure of Red tanks during the retreat. He did well, became a marshal last February.



Marshal Golovanov is deputy chief of aviation under Novikov (*above*). He has served at Stalingrad, Yelnya, Orel, won Order of Suvorov. Red air officers, like ours, are generally young.



Marshal Yakovlev is an artilleryman under Chief of Artillery Voronov, is one of the thorough-going technicians who have come up fast in the Red Army during the war.



Marshal Vorobyev is chief of engineering in the Red Army. He is responsible for the magnificent improvising of the Russian engineers, for the slam-bang style of river crossing. He was another on new list of Russian marshals created last Feb. 22.



Marshal Budenny, 61, of the eight-inch mustache, is one of old crop of revolutionary generals who have been displaced in this war, but not retired. Budenny is busy training troops in the rear. He failed badly in 1941, won Order of Lenin in 1943.



Marshal Timoshenko, 49, a Ukrainian, brilliantly commanded southern front in 1941-42 but was superseded when Russians moved to offense, is on high-command advisory committee.

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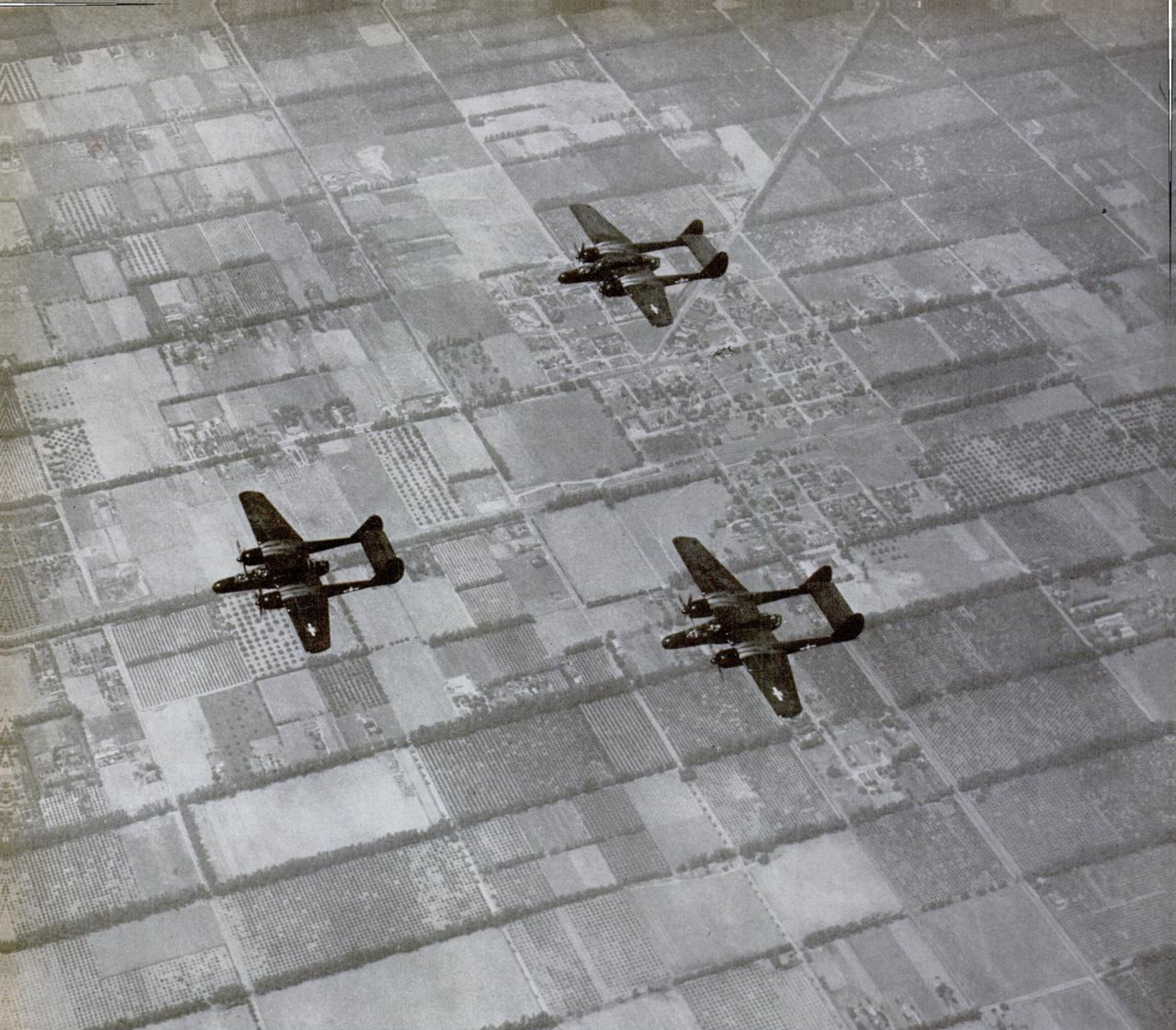
VINCENT PRICE

WILLIAM EYTHE

MARY ANDERSON

AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

DIRECTED BY HENRY KING WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY LAMAR TROTTI A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



P-61 Black Widows are the new sinister night fighters that are built by Northrop to meet the growing U.S. need for a defensive plane to protect newly acquired bases in or near enemy territory. With radar

equipment, fast, black night fighters can track down, destroy enemy aircraft in darkness as well as in daylight. Black Widows, which look something like overgrown P-38s, are heavily armed, carry crews of two or three, are powered by two Pratt & Whitney 2,000-hp engines.

U. S. WARPLANES

THEY HAVE EVOLVED AFTER TRIAL BY COMBAT

Airplanes of the U. S. Army and Navy have now finished two and a half years of the hardest flight test a warplane can have—actual battle. Now, on the basis of combat experience, they have been redesigned and re-equipped to make them sharpened instruments of war. LIFE here presents portraits of our best present fighting planes, some of them new, the rest combat-modified versions of older models.

In outward appearance many of the planes are similar to those shown in LIFE's color catalog of Feb. 2, 1942. But they are very different in fighting qualities. In general, the planes have taken on more armament, more armor, greater fuel capacity (plus

bullet-proof tanks) and more communication equipment. Engines have been boosted to higher horsepower and new propellers added for high-altitude operation so that planes have greater speed, climb and operating ceiling. Many planes bulge with new turrets. Some of them now leave the factory without camouflage paint in order to save every possible ounce of pay load for ammunition and bombs.

Combat has brought changes in the tactical status of the planes. Army fighters now double as low-level bombers and strafers for supporting ground troops. Medium bombers, newly armed with more machine guns and cannon, have also been drafted for such air-

ground support. For strategic bombing over Europe, Fortresses and Liberators are still supreme, but in Asia the mighty B-29 Superfortress now operates against Japan's homeland.

The Navy still maintains the customary categories of fighters, dive bombers and torpedo bombers for carrier operation. For patrol, however, it has broken precedent by adopting land-based planes adapted from Army bombers to supplement flying boats.

The Army continues to work on new formidable fighters and bombers (P-59, P-63, A-26). But the planes shown in flight here are the ones that have made U. S. airpower supreme in every theater of war.

THE ARMY



P-51

North American's Mustang is paintless, carries new hubble canopy for better pilot vision. At first a long-range, low-altitude fighter, its power has been increased for higher combat, an announced speed of over 425 mph.

P-47

Thunderbolt is the pride of Republic. Designed and modified to accompany high-altitude daylight bombers on long-distance raids, its eight machine guns make it a fine straffer and its power makes it a good fighter bomber.





P-38 Lockheed Lightning has been revised to increase range and altitude. New aileron boosters improve the plane's climb and maneuverability. Besides its cannon and four machine guns, it now can carry two 1,000-lb. bombs.

P-70 Midnight Mauler is Douglas' splendid A-20 attack bomber rebuilt as a night fighter. Plastic nose has been closed to hold interception gear. Bomb bay is sealed and carries extra gas tanks. It mounts four cannon.





P-40

Warhawk is a Curtiss plane and only fighter U. S. had in quantity at war's start. Rugged but never flashy, it now has improved engine, more firepower and wing bomb racks and is fine for ground support plane.

P-39

is Bell's Airacobra. Built as a fighter, it has been of more service smashing tanks and pillboxes with its 37-mm. cannon. It is a fine low bomber (note rack under the wing). A more powerful version is now being built.





B-25 Mitchell, built by North American as a medium bomber, is now chiefly used as an attack plane. Most heavily armed plane in world, it has terrifying new combination of 14 machine guns and a 75-mm. cannon in nose.

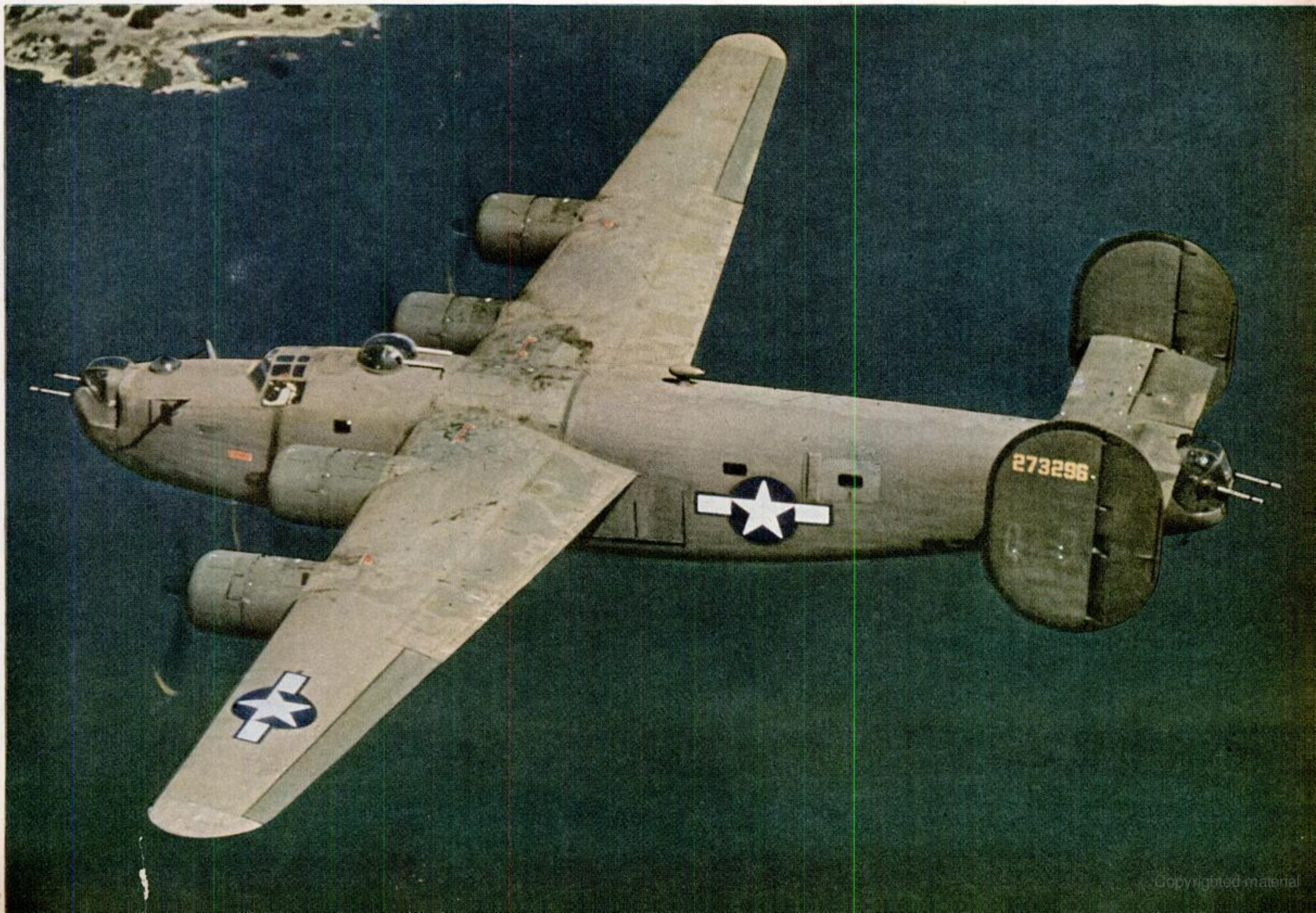
B-26 Martin Marauder is a medium bomber that has made good. Its ton-and-a-half bomb loads have demolished German airports and coast-defense positions. It now has a rear power turret for added firepower.

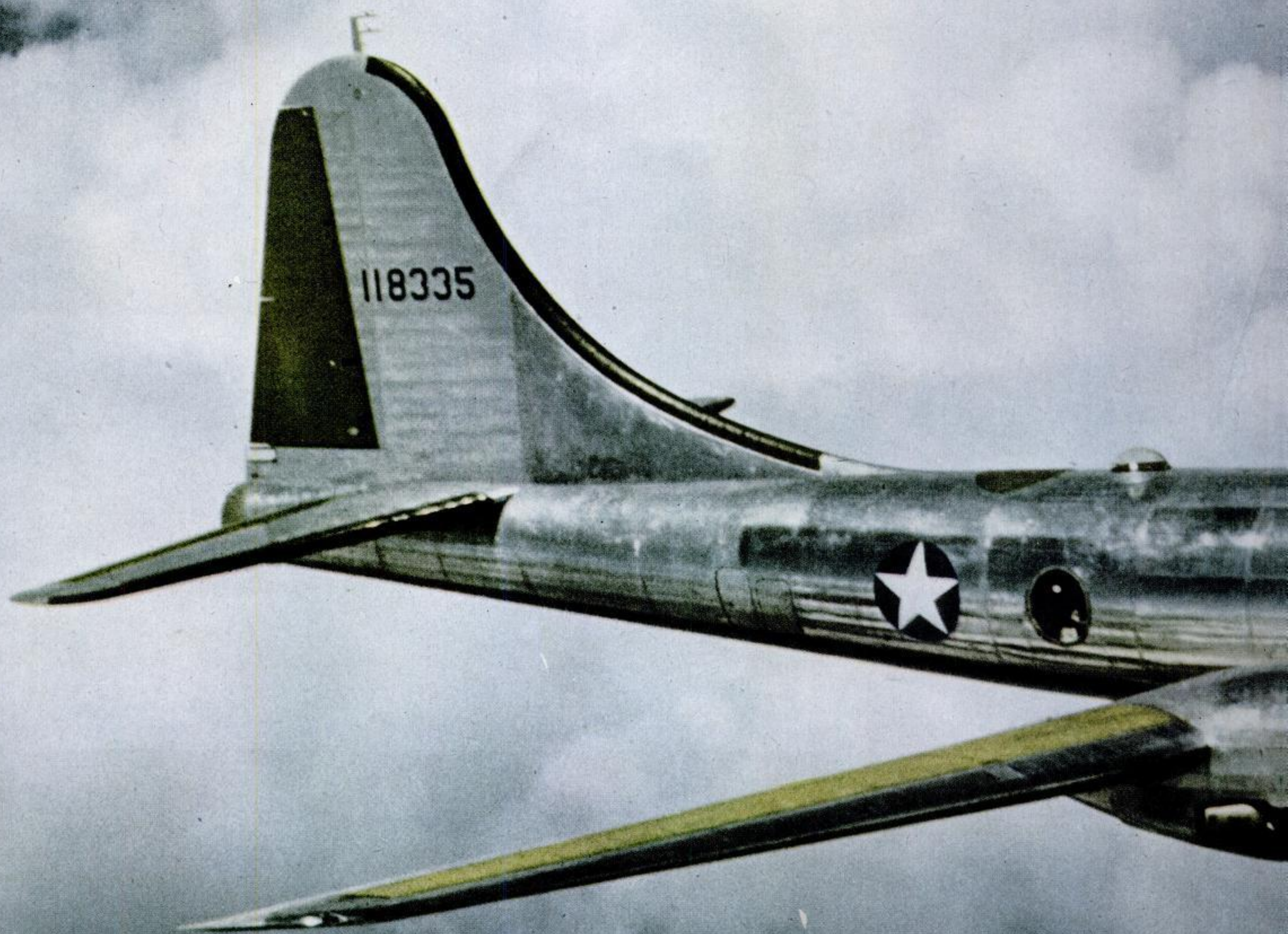




B-17 is the famed Boeing Flying Fortress. Combat has brought sweeping tail for stability, chin and tail turret, cleaner waist-gun installations to keep men from freezing, better plastic nose, improved range, climb and speed.

B-24 Liberator is built by Consolidated. Heavily gunned nose and tail turrets have been added to protect it during daylight bombing. It is flown in all theaters of war and Navy uses it as a long-range patrol bomber.





B-29 Superfortress is shown here high in the stratosphere, paintless and turretless, in its first released color portrait. Though Boeing was planning this plane back in 1937, most of its good points are the direct re-

sult of experience gained from the combat performance of the B-17. Except for the extended nose, the Superfortress superficially resembles the Flying Fortress. The B-29 is half again as big as the B-17, will carry double the bomb load twice as far. Aerodynamically it is a cleaner



plane, having flush rivets and a completely retracted tricycle landing gear. Its power turrets and every movable part of the plane, except the landing gear, are operated electrically. The 2,200-hp air-cooled engines are set in specially designed nacelles, each of which contains two

superchargers. Its long, narrow wing, whose area can be extended by flaps, gives it tremendous lift. An interior improvement allows the flight engineer to handle the engine controls and puts the bombardier nearer the pilot where they can talk without using plane's interphone.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

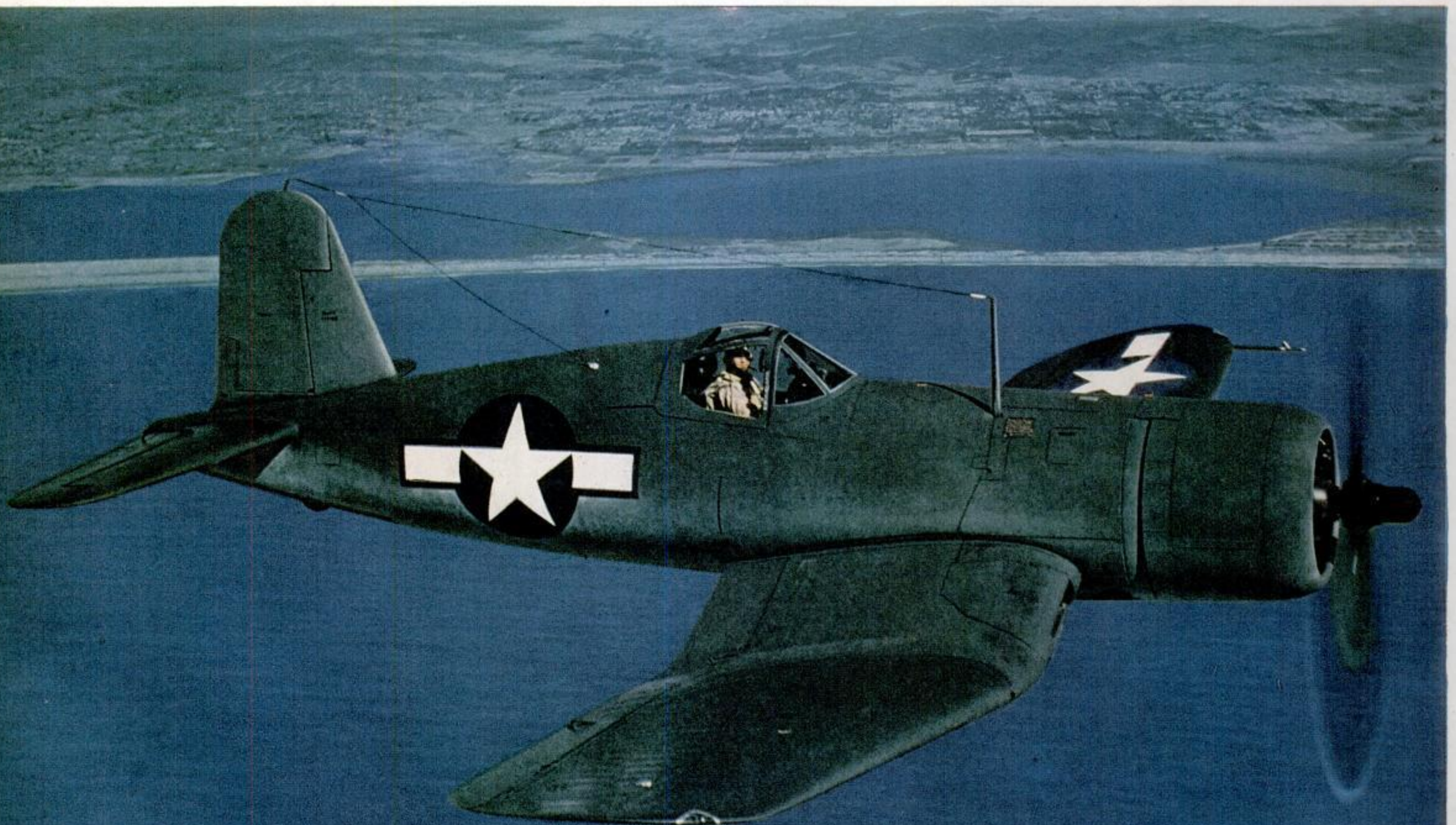
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THE NAVY



F6F Grumman Hellcat, the Navy's most widely used carrier fighter, is a low-winged development of their F4F or Wildcat. The bigger, supercharged engine takes it faster and higher, auxiliary gas tank extends its range.

F4U is a Chance-Vought plane, called Corsair. As a carrier fighter, its folding gull wings help the big three-bladed propeller clear the flight deck. As a Marine land-based fighter, it has destroyed enemy planes at rate of 5 to 1.

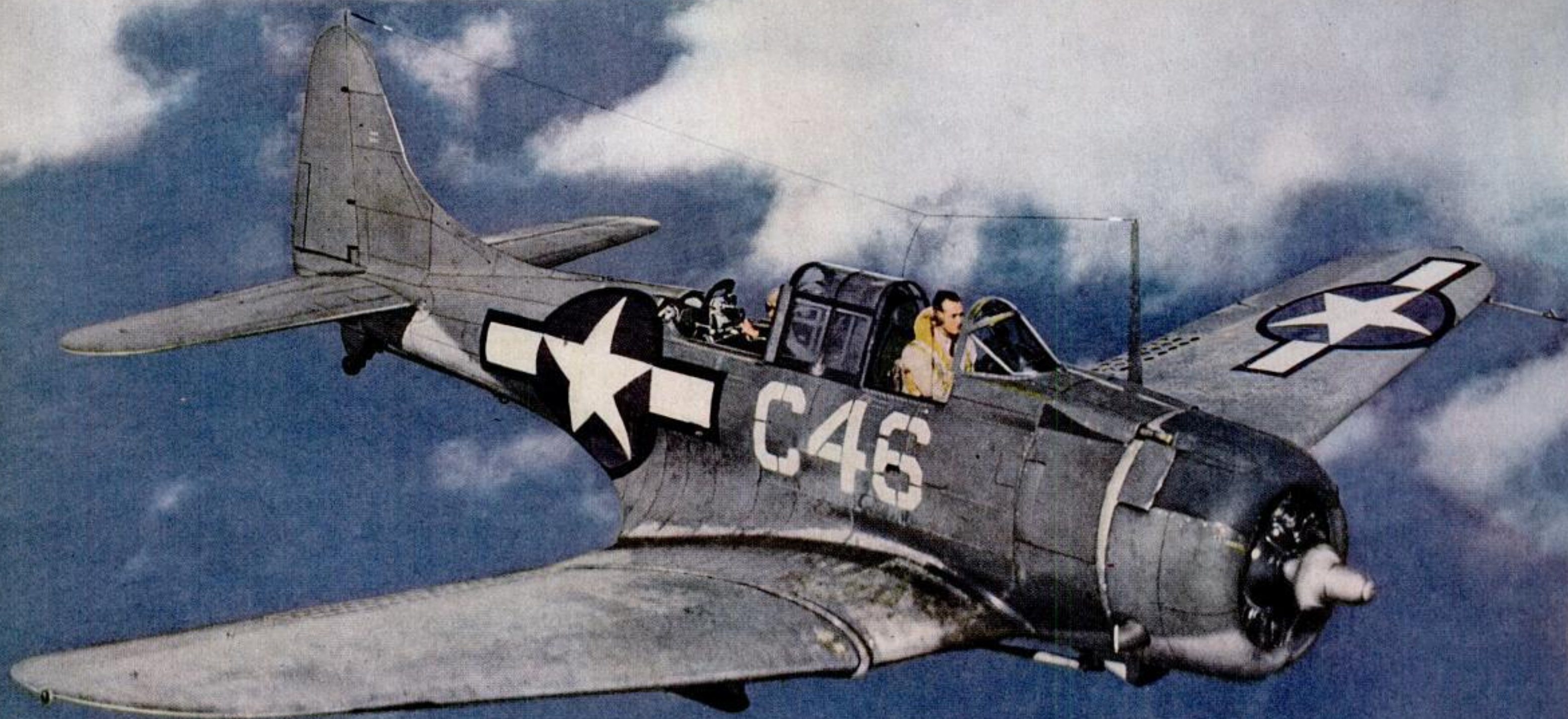




F4F Wildcat, the compact Grumman fighter, has new combat tasks since the advent of F6F. At medium and low altitudes it is a strafing and fighter bomber. Small carriers also use Wildcat to cover amphibious landings.

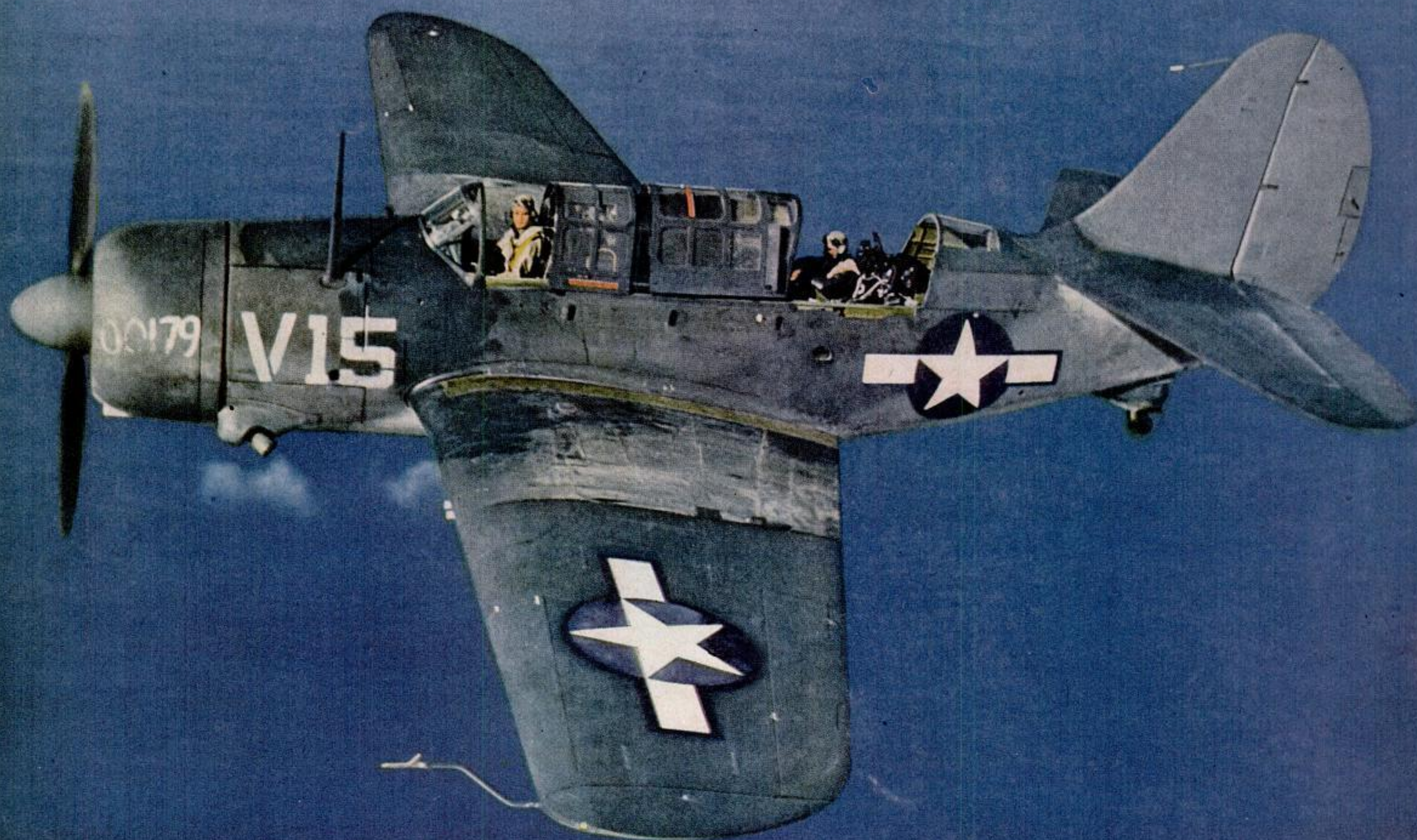
TBF Grumman's torpedo bomber is called Avenger and has done heavy work in the Pacific. It has also been used as Atlantic antisubmarine plane carrying depth charges, flying from small carriers to fight wolf packs.





SBD Douglas Dauntless dive bomber is an old but good plane. It has had many improvements since first designed, most coming from combat study, including higher-powered engine, more guns, self-sealing tanks.

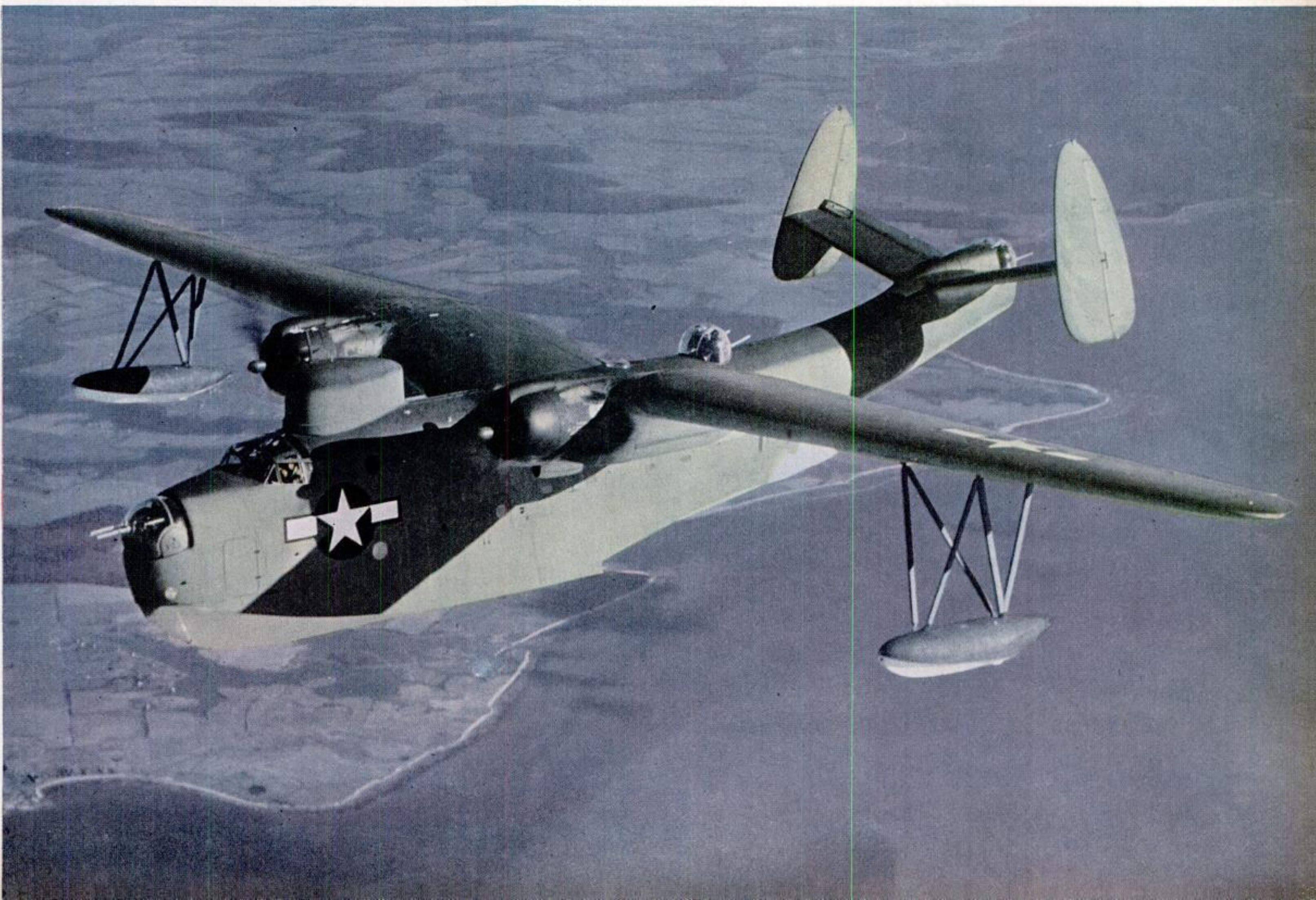
SB2C is Curtiss Helldiver. It carries its bomb load inside and flies with greater speed and range than the SBD. But it has not been fighting long enough to have built up a comparable record.





PBY-5A an amphibian called the Catalina and built by Consolidated, is a sturdy patrol plane which has operated with little modification wherever the Navy has air bases.

PBM Martin's Mariner has new gun turrets at nose, tail and on top. Hat-like bulge in front of the wing houses recently added radio-interception equipment, used far out at sea in broad antisubmarine-search sweeps.





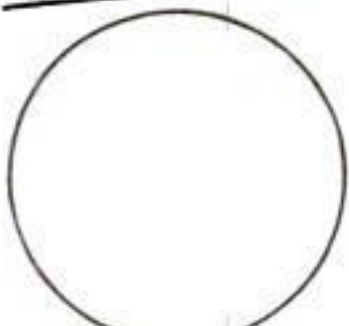
PB2Y is Navy's biggest patrol plane except for the behemoth Mars. These Consolidated-built Coronados have been used mainly as long-haul freight planes between Pacific bases. Modifications have been made to enable them to carry a

respectable load of bombs. In the raids preceding attacks on Marshall Islands, long-range Coronados smashed enemy airfields and gun emplacements. They have kept also hammering away at Jap Marshall bases isolated by our attack.

*To the Man
I Love...*

VIA V....-MAIL

No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To
Sgt. John Barry, 46792202,
1st Platoon, "C" Co.,
1st Bn., 165th Division,
APO No. 308 c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, California

From
"SPOTTER"

(Sender's name)

Woodchuck Hollow

(Sender's address)

Burrville, Pa.

July 28, 1944

(Date)

Dear Master Sergeant

I'm sending this by V-MAIL so you'll be sure to get it -- and get it in a hurry. Oh Master ... wouldn't it be wonderful if a dog like me could do what V-MAIL does! It never gets left behind. Never gets lost. And it flies to you so fast -- like a bird!

Master -- if you are wondering how I'm getting along in these meat-rationed days, how happy you'll be when I tell you something! The family is treating me more marvelously than ever. Nothing is too good for me, because I belong to YOU! They are feeding me GAINES -- GAINES DOG MEAL -- the same that big kennels have fed their grand, prize dogs for years. Imagine me -- your old pal, "Spottie" -- feasting on PRIZE DOG food! It says on the bag there's MEAT MEAL in it ... as if I didn't know! And other good things are in it -- with big, long names like minerals and vitamins -- hard for an ignorant dog like me to understand -- or spell.

But it makes me feel like a million -- and Mistress says you'll be happy and proud when you see how bright my eyes are, how lovely and smooth my coat is ... and when you hear the life and joy in my bark when I speak for GAINES!

Well -- give my best to the "K-9 Corps" bunch -- and GOOD HUNTING to you, Master!

**** (Wet Kisses!) SPOTTER

No kidding, Darling -- Spotter is just crazy about the food. It was Harry's veterinarian who put me on to Gaines. He says it nourishes dogs completely. And it's so easy to feed. AND so inexpensive! I'll write you all the other news tomorrow -- by V-MAIL!

Love Dorothy

GAINES for the dog you love!

1. Supplies COMPLETE NOURISHMENT.
2. DOGS LIKE IT--and don't tire of it.
3. EASY TO FEED. Just mix with water.
4. INEXPENSIVE. And no tokens needed.

V-MAIL to the man you love!

1. FAST. It always goes by plane.
2. SURE. V-Mail just *can't* get lost.
3. PRIVATE. No third person reads it.
4. SAVES CARGO SPACE for guns.



IN 2-LB., 5-LB.,
10-LB., 25-LB.
AND 50-LB. BAGS

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT PERMIT NO. 14

Copyright 1944, Gaines Food Co., Inc.



SPEAK FOR GAINES **THE COMPLETE MEAL FOR DOGS**



*Somewhere in Great Britain
February 9, 1944*

*Dear Friends:
Keep up the good work
that you are all doing. The
machine guns and Sperry sights
are really helping us along. Let's
win this war for '44.
I worked in Dept. 355. Was
hurt December 6, 1943. Still
in Hospital.*

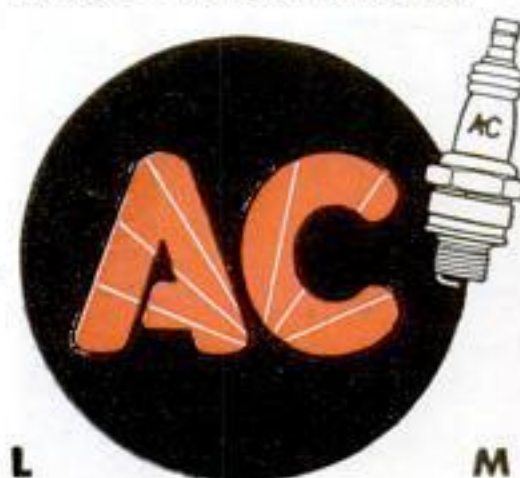
A FORMER AC EMPLOYEE

NOW WE'RE WORKING FOR HIM

Not all of us are privileged to serve as fighting men. Not all of us can give so much. The men and women of the AC Spark Plug factories know this. So, through steadily rising production of war products, they are trying to be good "team-mates" to the men and women at the front. As this is written, those AC people have produced more than 200,000 caliber .50 Browning machine guns . . . more than 10,000 bombsights . . . millions of AC ceramic aircraft spark plugs for bombers and fighters. They have turned out more than 5,000 Sperry automatic pilots for bombing planes,—and hundreds of

thousands of fuel pumps, oil filters, engine instruments, and spark plugs for tanks, "Ducks," jeeps, trucks, landing barges, and boats. The total number of articles AC people are making exceeds four hundred. And the work continues. AC men and women are determined to do their best, so that our fighters will more quickly win—and more quickly come back home.

Every Sunday Afternoon — GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — NBC Network



**Back YOUR Fighting Man!
BUY MORE WAR BONDS**

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION



GENERAL

MOTORS CORPORATION



LINDA IS OFTEN CREDITED WITH HOLLYWOOD'S FINEST FIGURE. SHE NEVER DRINKS OR SMOKES, SHUNS NIGHT LIFE, GOES TO BED EARLY, SLEEPS ON HER BACK, IS TICKLISH

LINDA DARNELL

A screen adult for the last five years, she comes of age this fall

Linda Darnell is manifestly Hollywood's most professionally adult young actress. In the eyes of studio experts she has been grown-up since she was 14. She had her first screen test at that age and delighted producers, but was told to go home to Dallas and get lots of sleep for another year. She played her first adult lead at 15. At 16 she was acclaimed as Hollywood's most perfect physical specimen. At 19 she got married to a movie cameraman some 24 years her senior. She has never played a juvenile role.

This summer, however, is one of notable transition for Linda. In her forthcoming picture, a screen version of Chekhov's *The Shooting Party*, she enacts for the first time in her career a brazen, unsympathetic character and thus comes of age as an actress. In October she comes of age calendrically, a fact which may suggest her to the casting directors as a logical candidate for such roles as Queen Elizabeth or Lady Macbeth. For photographs of precocious Linda at home with her husband "Pev" Marley, turn the page.



In her new picture, *Summer Storm*, Linda enacts the role of a leggy, lissome, bosomy peasant girl who has an affair with

a Russian count. While not an ingratiating role it provides a vehicle for the advertisement of Linda's physical assets.



Every gardener knows that the easiest crop to raise and the first to bloom is SUNBURN.

You can't garden and escape it, but you can use UNGUENTINE to help soothe and cool the burn—to relieve the pain and promote prompt healing.

FOR "SKINJURIES," TOO!

Use soothing, antiseptic Unguentine for all the minor cuts, scrapes, bites, scratches and other skin injuries that plague a summer.

Family size jars and handy tubes, at all drug stores.



Linda Darnell (continued)



Healthy, wholesome Linda Darnell is 5' 5" tall, weighs 122 pounds. She was born in Dallas, where her father was a post-office clerk. She began studying dramatics at 13.



Artistically talented Linda is currently sculpting a head of her husband, Cameraman Peverell ("Pev") Marley. She also dabbles enthusiastically in water colors and oils.



"MAUDE," PAINTED BY FRANKLIN WATKINS FOR THE DE BEERS COLLECTION

One-half carat  \$225 to \$450

One carat  \$650 to \$1000

Two carats  \$1650 to \$2750

Facts About Diamonds:

These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds, including federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice at all times when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds—

a key priority for high-speed war production—come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Consequently, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

Sentinel of the heart

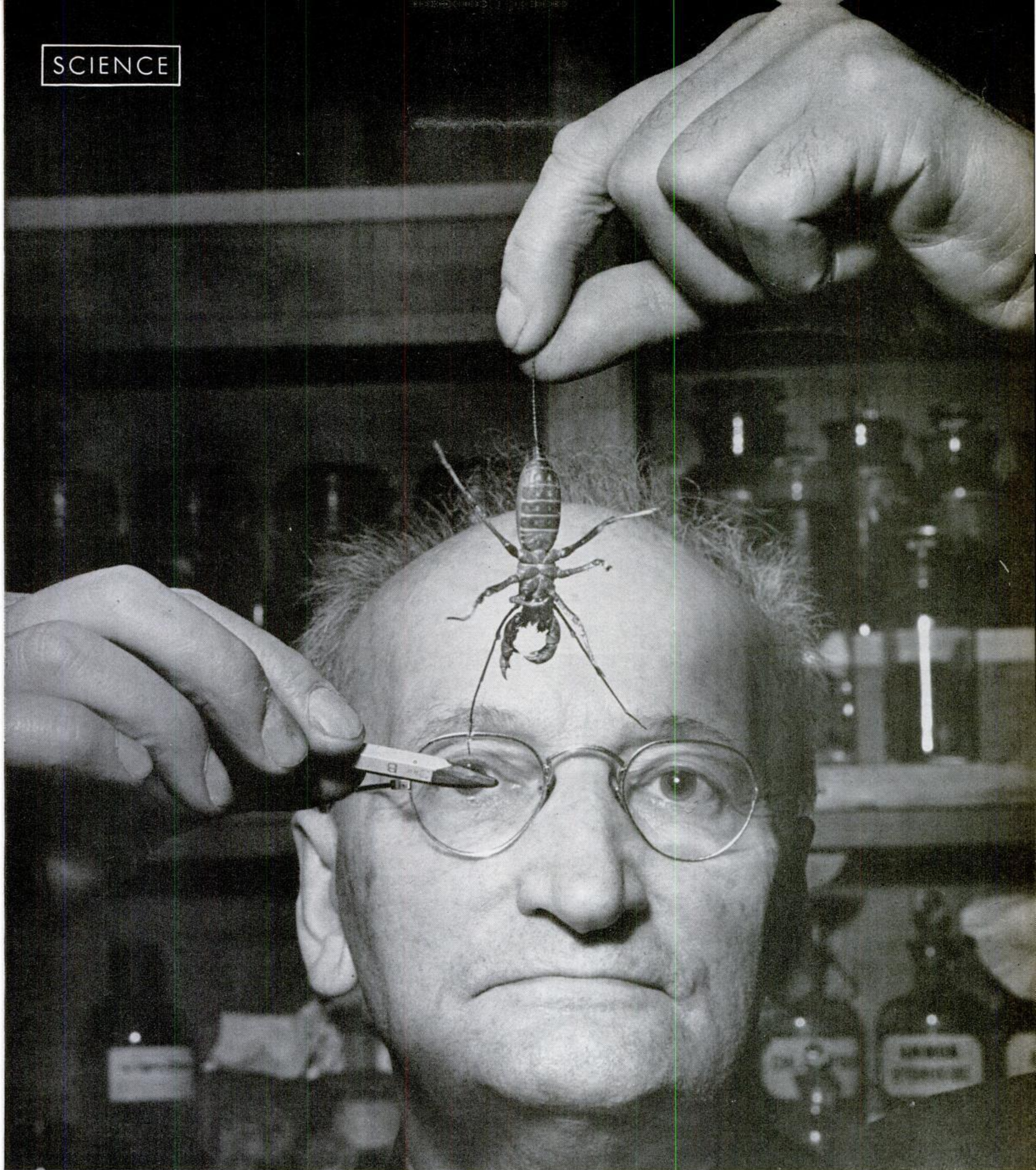
May the diamond ring on your engagement finger watch between you
always—shine clear and confident through every lonely hour. One day you'll find it doubly precious for
this bright vigil of courage and reassurance. When it flames with joy for the fulfilled pledge of life
and love guarded in its brilliant depths since time began.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, and Associated Companies



*There is nothing
better in the
market*

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY



DR. PETRUNKEVITCH TICKLES WHIP SCORPION, ONE OF THE ARACHNIDS, THE UNPLEASANT CLASS OF ANIMALS WHICH INCLUDES SPIDERS, SCORPIONS, TICKS, DADDY LONGLEGS

SPIDER MAN


Petrunkevitch of Yale has spent a lifetime with crawly animals

Professor Alexander Ivanovich Petrunkevitch of Yale has spent 40 years immersed in the affairs of spiders and their various relatives. He has betaken himself to Mexico and Trinidad and Puerto Rico in search of them. He has picked them up, dissected them, bred them, learned more about them than anyone else in the world. Every year of this long, intimate and scholarly association has added weight to his belief that by and large spiders are man's friends and should be treated as such. Spiders carry no dis-

eases, destroy such household pests as cockroaches.

Besides taking up for spiders he has found out a lot about them; that they usually have eight separate eyes, sometimes eat their mates and offspring, that they really have a hard time keeping ahead of such enemies as wasps and birds. In order to organize and record all these things about spiders Dr. Petrunkevitch, who is 68, retired this summer from active teaching. He expects, however, that his new job of setting down all he knows will keep him busy for a long time.


TAKE IT EASY



WITH A TICONDEROGA!

This great writing tool is a joy to use. It writes like a dream — smoothly, restfully, easily. Turns out maximum work in minimum time. Has a reliable, wobble-proof eraser gripped firmly in a modern plastic ferrule. A thrifty pencil — for it sharpens without waste and has a long, long life. Try Ticonderoga!

Demand TICONDEROGA



The fine American pencil with the fine American name

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 43-J2-7, Jersey City 3, N. J.
Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

MAKES TIRED EYES FEEL BETTER FAST!



JUST 2 DROPS of Eye-Gene bring safe, soothing relief... refresh work-tired eyes instantly!

MAKE EYE-GENE a daily rule. Remember... it's the only prepared formula on the market containing the exclusive ingredient doctors often recommend. Stainless. Economical. Ask for it by name... at any drug or dime store.



EYE-GENE

2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS



In his laboratory, Petrunkevitch is surrounded by 10,000 specimens, some preserved in Petrunkevitch's Fluid, a fixative which he invented. Born in Russia, he came to U. S. in 1903, kept jaw-breaking name in honor of liberal, politically active father.



Tarantula performs for professor's camera, demonstrating ability to climb smooth, perpendicular surface. Petrunkevitch once taught a course in spider photography. All his assistants call him "Pete," come to weekly teas in his cluttered laboratory.

HOME, JAMES... IT'S UNDERWOOD'S



NO SHORTAGE NOW
of UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM!
Get several cans while your grocer has plenty of this favorite sandwich spread!



UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY
WATERTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

GLASER EVERBEST
Preserves and Jellies

SEEDLESS B GRAPE JAM

A luscious jam that brings you all the arbor-fresh goodness of juicy purple Concord grapes. Surprisingly inexpensive... use it liberally.

GLASER, CRANDELL CO.
CHICAGO 8

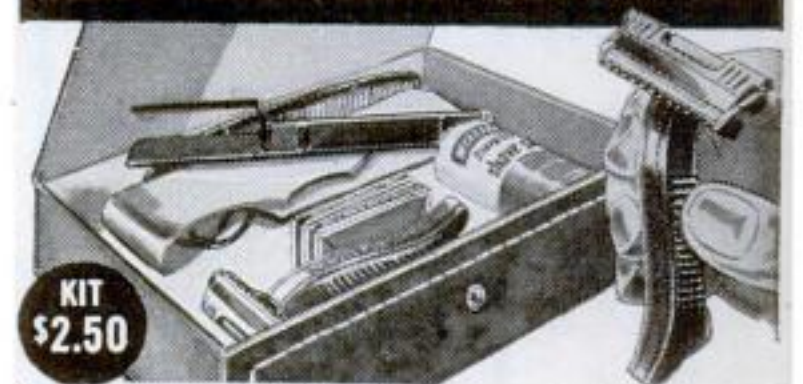


If your grocer is temporarily out of this variety try the other delicious EVERBEST PRESERVES

BUY WAR BONDS

FOR VICTORY

GET THIS ENDERS KIT AND GET EASIER SHAVES

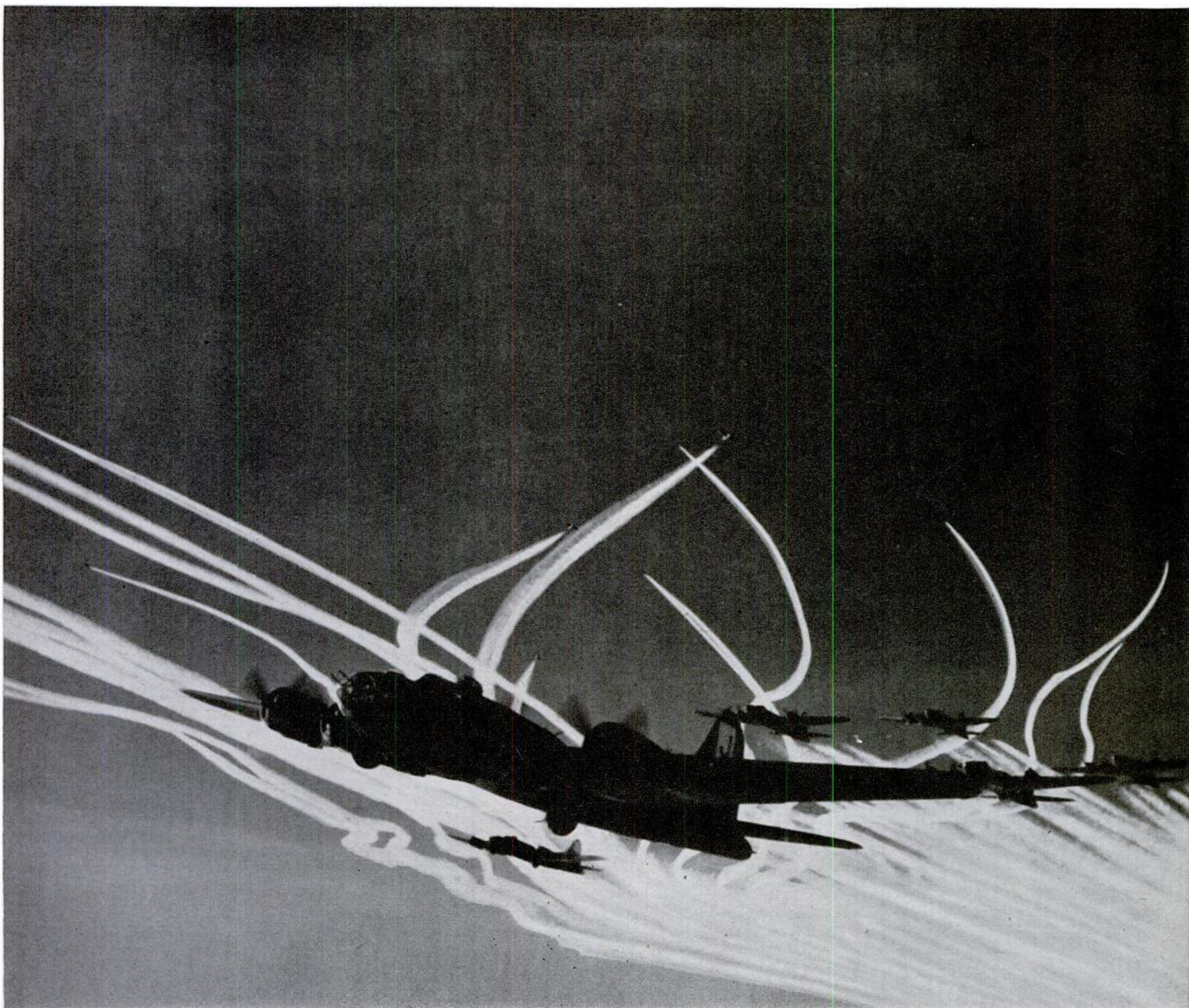


Here's streamlined shaving... smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave. Switch to easier shaving.

Mail \$2.50 today. Supply limited. No C.O.D.'s. Money back guarantee. Strop alone \$1.00.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. A, MYSTIC, CONN.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



Finish the Fight with War Bonds

Sky Snakes

Look again. Those sinuous white shapes are neither serpents nor ribbons of confetti. They're condensed vapor trails in the dark, frosty blue of the upper air.

The straight ones flow back from the engines of Boeing Flying Fortresses, moving in tight formation over enemy territory. If you look closely at the others — the twisting, writhing, climbing ones — you will see tiny black specks at their tips. Those are allied fighter planes adding their protection to the deadly fire of the Forts' 50-calibre guns.

Every maneuver known to combat flying has been used by German airmen in their endeavor to stop the Forts. They have tried coming in from every

point of the compass — from above — from below. With desperate ingenuity the Luftwaffe has devised new tactics and new weapons — air-to-air bombing — rocket guns — mass attacks. But they have never yet succeeded in turning back the Fortress crews from their targets.

The development of daylight precision bombing is one of America's great sagas. It is an epic of brave and skilful men — gunners, radiomen, navigators, bombardiers and pilots; of steadfast ground crews; of untiring staff work; and of the Forts themselves, designed and built by Boeing to handle the toughest task in air warfare.

Flying Fortresses performed almost unbelievable miracles through the early days of the war and are today the backbone of the mightiest bombing force in history. Because of their record, nearly one-fifth of all the nation's aircraft production facilities is now devoted to building Boeing-designed planes.

• • •

When the mounting jury of round-the-clock bombing has done its part to win lasting victory, Boeing's skill in research, design, engineering and manufacturing again will be applied to products of peace. Of any such product you can be sure . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS

BOEING



On professor's hand, a big, hairy tarantula remains docile. Tarantulas bite when teased but are not very poisonous to humans. The largest ones, nine inches across, come from South America. Smaller varieties range all over southern and western U.S.



Pickled spiders, almost all collected by Dr. Petrunkevitch, make unlovely lineup. Specimen at left is preserved in transparent plastic. Silk nest of trap-door spider is in the big jar, left center. Small jar in front holds biting mechanism of tarantula.

Professor Alexander Petrunkevitch
Osborn Zoological Laboratory
Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut



Fossilized whip scorpion, an ancient relative of the one that is shown on page 54, is named after Petrunkevitch who found it on an Arizona hillside. Identifying fossil spiders is a very difficult task and one of the things the professor enjoys most.

Tells his lovely Powers Models how to shampoo hair



Don't fail to read the first beauty advice John Robert Powers gives his "million dollar" models

Takes Only 10 Minutes to "Glamour Bathe" Your Hair This Easy Home Way

One of the greatest connoisseurs of feminine beauty in this country is—JOHN ROBERT POWERS. And the *first* advice he gives his beautiful *soignee* Powers Models is to use *only* Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair.

It's Mr. Powers' business to KNOW that Kreml Shampoo is one which brings out the *natural* sparkling beauty and every brilliant high-light in the hair—it thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff—and leaves hair with its silken sheen lasting for days.



Unsurpassed For Shampooing Children's Hair, Too!

There are no harsh caustics or chemicals in Kreml Shampoo. Instead—its beneficial *oil base* is simply marvelous to help keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It rinses out like a charm and leaves the hair so much softer, silkier and easier to fix.

Mr. Powers always insists that even his child models use *only* Kreml Shampoo. So, Mother—why not "glamour bathe" *your* child's hair this easy home way? You'll be delighted with results.

Buy the large FAMILY SIZE—let your whole family enjoy the benefits of:

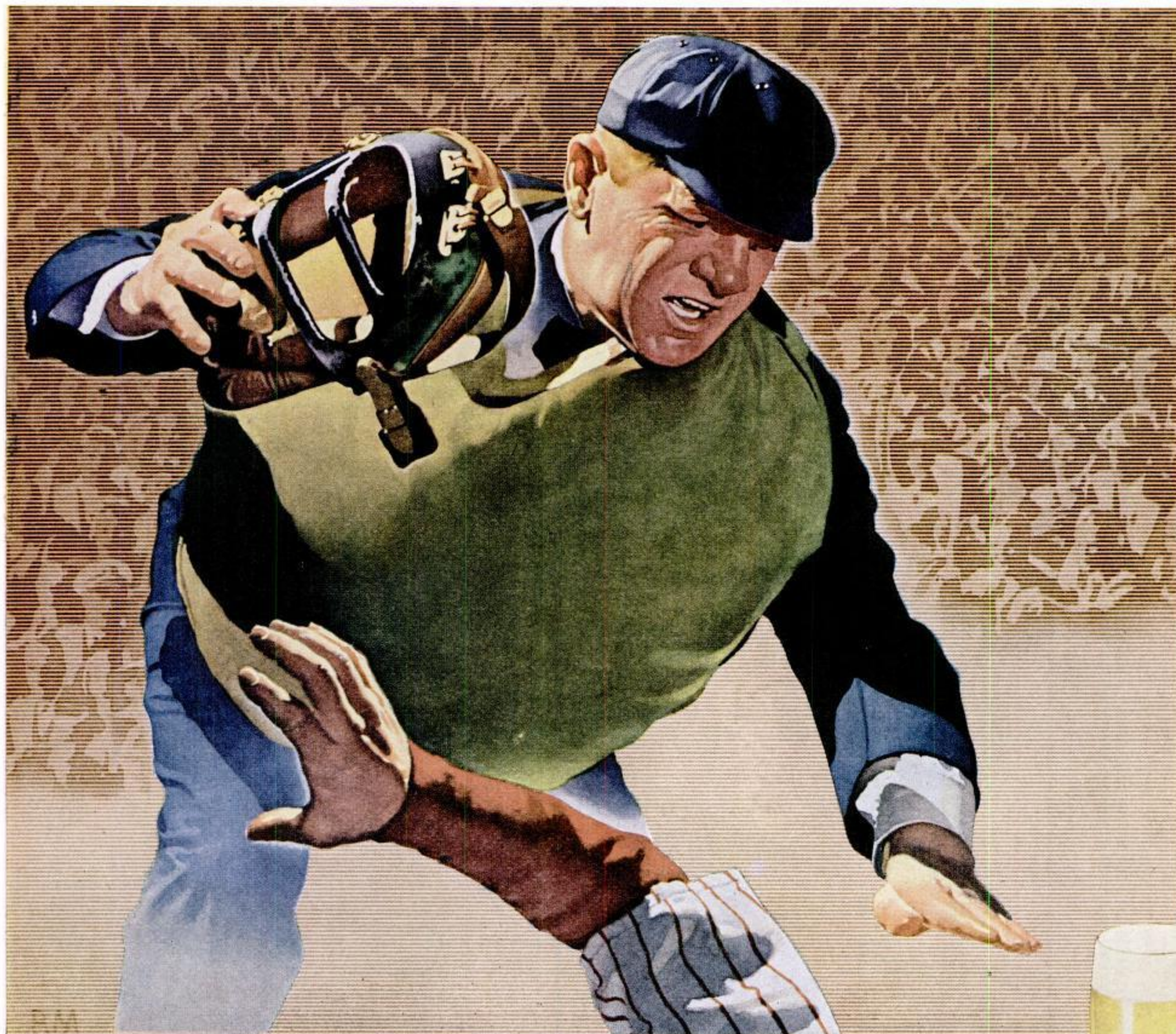
Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



The flavor that scores

Famous for real beer character without bitterness, Schlitz wins the applause of those who know and love fine beer. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz brings you just the *kiss* of the hops—all of the delicacy, none of the bitterness.



JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

*... none of
the bitterness*



Copyright 1944, J. I. Schlitz Brewing Co.,
Milwaukee, Wis.



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have More Beautiful Skin in 14 Days!

14-Day Palmolive Plan tested on 1285 women with all types of skin!



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look," says Mrs. Lynda Kaye of New York. "So I said 'yes' when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty! My group reported to a New York skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some average. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: I washed my face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—for a full 60 seconds—massaged onto my skin Palmolive's lovely soft lather, as you would a cream. Then rinsed. This massage brought my skin the full, beautifying effect of Palmolive's lather. After 14 days, my doctor confirmed what my mirror told me—my skin was smoother, fresher, less oily. You must try this wonderful plan."

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 Days!

- ★ Brighter, cleaner skin
- ★ Finer texture
- ★ Fewer blemishes
- ★ Less dryness
- ★ Less oiliness
- ★ Smoother skin
- ★ Better tone
- ★ Fresher, clearer color

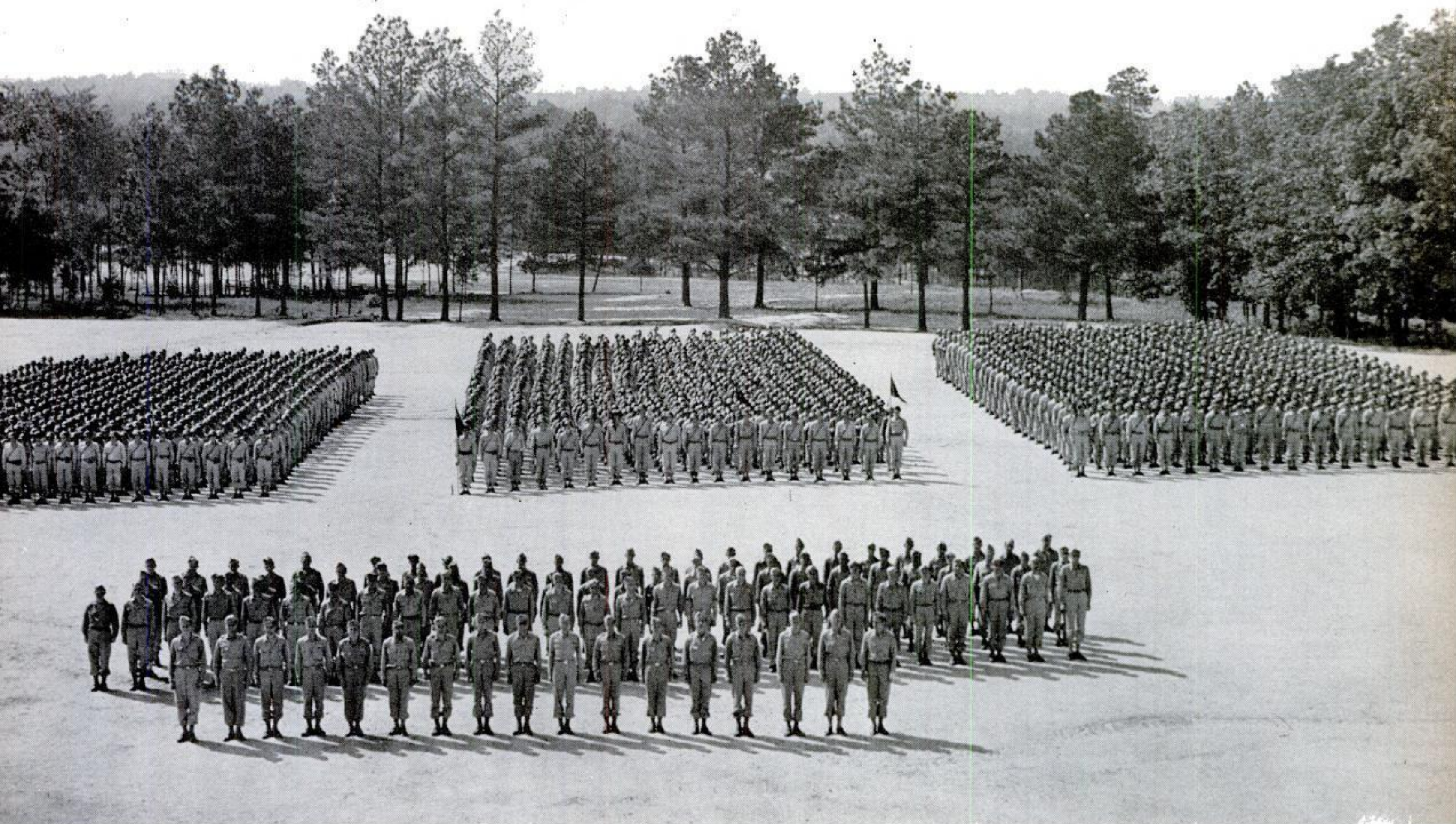


All 36 doctors proved that 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women who tested the Palmolive Plan for you got many of these improvements in 14 days. Now it's your turn! If you want a complexion the envy of every woman you know—the admiration of every man you meet—don't delay. Start this new proved way of using Palmolive Soap tonight. In 14 days, you, too, may look for fresher, brighter, lovelier skin.



DON'T WASTE SOAP! Soap uses vital war materials. Don't let soap soak in water or rest in wet soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press it on new cake.

**DOCTORS PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!**



THIS SHOWS RANGERS' TERRIBLE LOSSES. IN FRONT STAND 97 RANGERS NOW RESTING AT CAMP BUTNER, N. C. MEN BEHIND REPRESENT ORIGINAL STRENGTH (ABOUT 1,500)

THE RANGERS

SURVIVORS OF TOUGHEST, MOST BITTERLY LACERATED U. S. INFANTRY FORCE ARE HOME FOR WELL-EARNED REST

The survivors of the First, Third and Fourth Ranger Battalions are home. These men have exposed themselves to danger in more actions, with higher casualties, perhaps also with a greater fierceness of spirit, than any other American Army units.

The original Rangers were assembled on June 19, 1942 from volunteers among U. S. troops then in the British Isles. The force was chosen from among the finest physical specimens in the American Army and from its most colorful. It boasted two professional boxers, an oil-field "roughneck" from Texas, a hotel "dick," a lion tamer, a longshoreman, a church deacon, a radio crooner, a jazz trumpeter, the treasurer of a burlesque theater, a sheriff, an insurance salesman who later did a lively business on the field of battle, two bigamists and a Red Indian named Sampson P. Oneskunk.

A handful of Rangers saw action at Dieppe. After that the outfit spearheaded every major American action in the Mediterranean theater, through Anzio. Some Ranger companies are now experiencing their first action and carrying on the Ranger tradition in Normandy.

Losses among the original Rangers were appalling. Of about 1,500 men who started in the three battalions, there are only 199 alive and returned home. Of the 199 survivors, 64 wear the Purple Heart for injuries they suffered overseas. In short, less than one-tenth of the original force came through intact. What with a number of men who have been transferred to other units, a number who are hospitalized with wounds

and disease, the Rangers were able to assemble only 97 survivors for the picture above. When Rangers see each other after long separation they do not just say: "Hello." They say: "How come you're still alive?"

The Rangers went through two winters in the field. They marched hundreds of miles, many of which slanted steeply. They subsisted for months on end on C-rations. A Ranger named James Altieri has written a long ballad about the force, and one stanza of its says:

*With icy clothes, they slept in mud
And water in their foxholes.
More times than not, what sleep they got,
It was without their bedrolls.*

But in the face of these hardships the Rangers fought steadily, brilliantly, and with constant humor. Consequently the Rangers have great pride in their unit. Not even the U. S. Marines, not even the proud fighters of the First Infantry Division, are more belligerently certain that they are the best fighters in the world. If you are so careless as to ask a Ranger what is good about his outfit he will either knock you down (he has a habit of violence); or else he will say: "It's all good about the Rangers." A sergeant who was a West Virginia coal miner before the war is fairly typical when he says: "I wouldn't take 1,000 bucks to get out of the outfit and I wouldn't take 3,000 to get in another just like it. It's just like a book, being in the Rangers—you just live from page to page to see what is going to happen next."



Ranger faces show what these men have been through. In this picture there are a Polish-American, an Irish-American, a Hillbilly from old English stock, a Red Indian.



Colonel William O. Darby, who formed and led the Rangers, is one of the best combat commanders in the U. S. Army. He was three times offered a promotion in the field, twice refused because he knew accepting would mean leaving his men. He was twice wounded in Italy. His men called him "Darbo." There was nothing he liked so much as to sneak out the night before an action to within a few hundred yards of the enemy. When the time for an action would come, he would be elated. "Let's have a little shoot," he would say. "I think they need some steel."



Sgt. John Ingram, pushing the mortar cart, and **Pfc. Robert Lowell**, riding in it, were Ranger buddies. Ingram is back in this country. Lowell was killed in Italy. With rough affection Ingram says of Lowell: "He was always loaded down with pills. But no matter what was wrong with him he'd always say to me: 'You're my buddy, you take a pill with me.' He was the lousiest singer I ever heard. But you'd hear him out there on a windy night, you could hear him 40 miles, murdering 'Tic-a-tee, tic-a-tah'. You understand, he was a good soldier."



Captain Charles Shunstrom, here playing gently with his child after his return, is outfit's outstanding solo killer. An ex-weight-lifter, he is strong and big-shouldered. He walks with a slight crouch, bouncing on his toes. He has an animal-like habit of looking over his shoulder every few seconds. He speaks softly and almost never swears. He liked patrols. "I always thrilled and delighted," he says, "in taking out a small group with bayonets, grenades, tommy guns and knives to go out and have a good time." He was captured in Cisterna, escaped after a month.

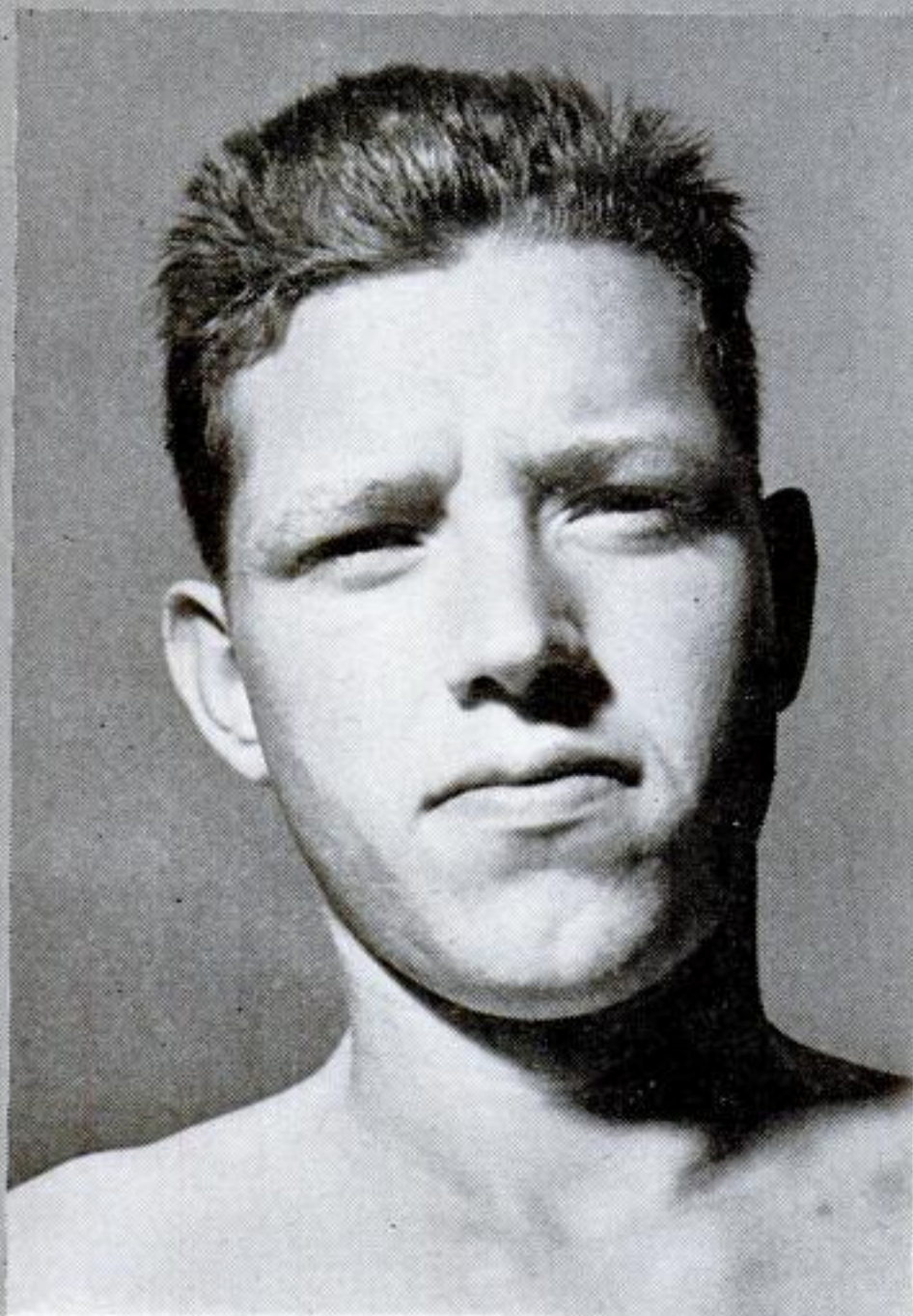


Lieut. Colonel Roy A. Murray Jr., in command of the Fourth Ranger Battalion, typifies the force's excellent officers. Of the 26 officers who survive in the three battalions, all but four are up from the ranks, mostly promoted on field of battle. Ranger officers lead from the front. In first two days at Anzio there were more officers killed than enlisted men wounded. At Cisterna, five out of six company commanders in one battalion were killed. Officers lived with their men. Here Colonel Murray stretches out in "the most comfortable home I've had in two years."



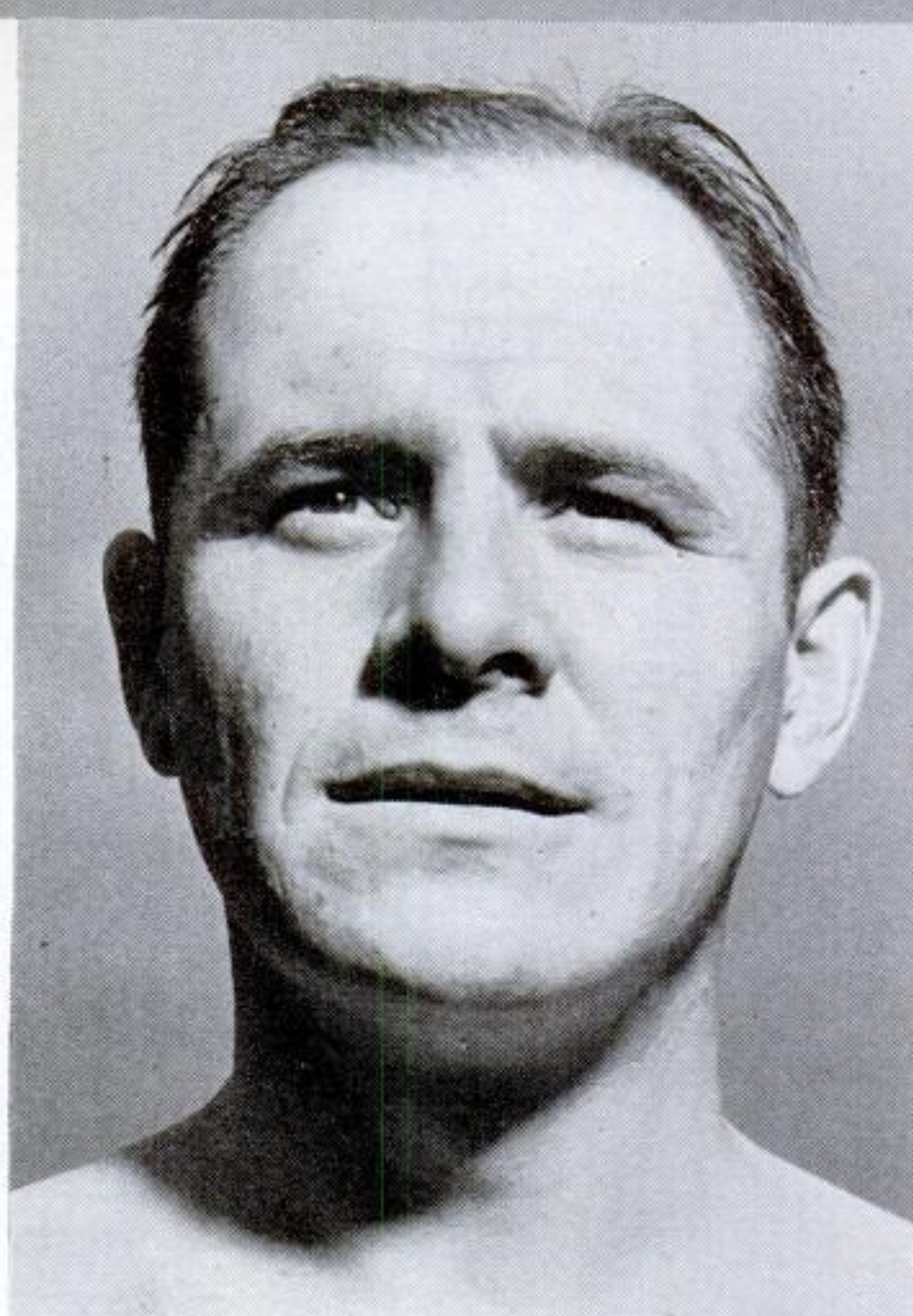
THESE PICTURES SHOW HOW BEING A RANGER AGES A MAN. BEFORE: 2ND LIEUT. GINO MERCURIALI IS BOYISH, UNLINED (ABOVE); AFTERWARD: HE IS WISER BUT MUCH OLDER





SGT. T. L. WILLIAMS

Thomas Williams, 21, is a dispatch rider who loves his trade. He calls his motorcycle a "sickle." "It's just the thrill of risking your neck," he says. "I'm a regular cowboy on a sickle, standing up on the seat, not holding onto the handle bars, spinning the sickle around, weaving it from side to side, laying it right and left, hitting bumps cross-country, getting off the ground about four foot—and going as fast as I can, that's what I like best. Over there I carried messages right up where they was shooting at you. I drove a truck most of the time during action. They gave me the name of 'Wild Willy' because I drove so fast, I mean I always have drove fast, even back in Kentucky with my Ford."

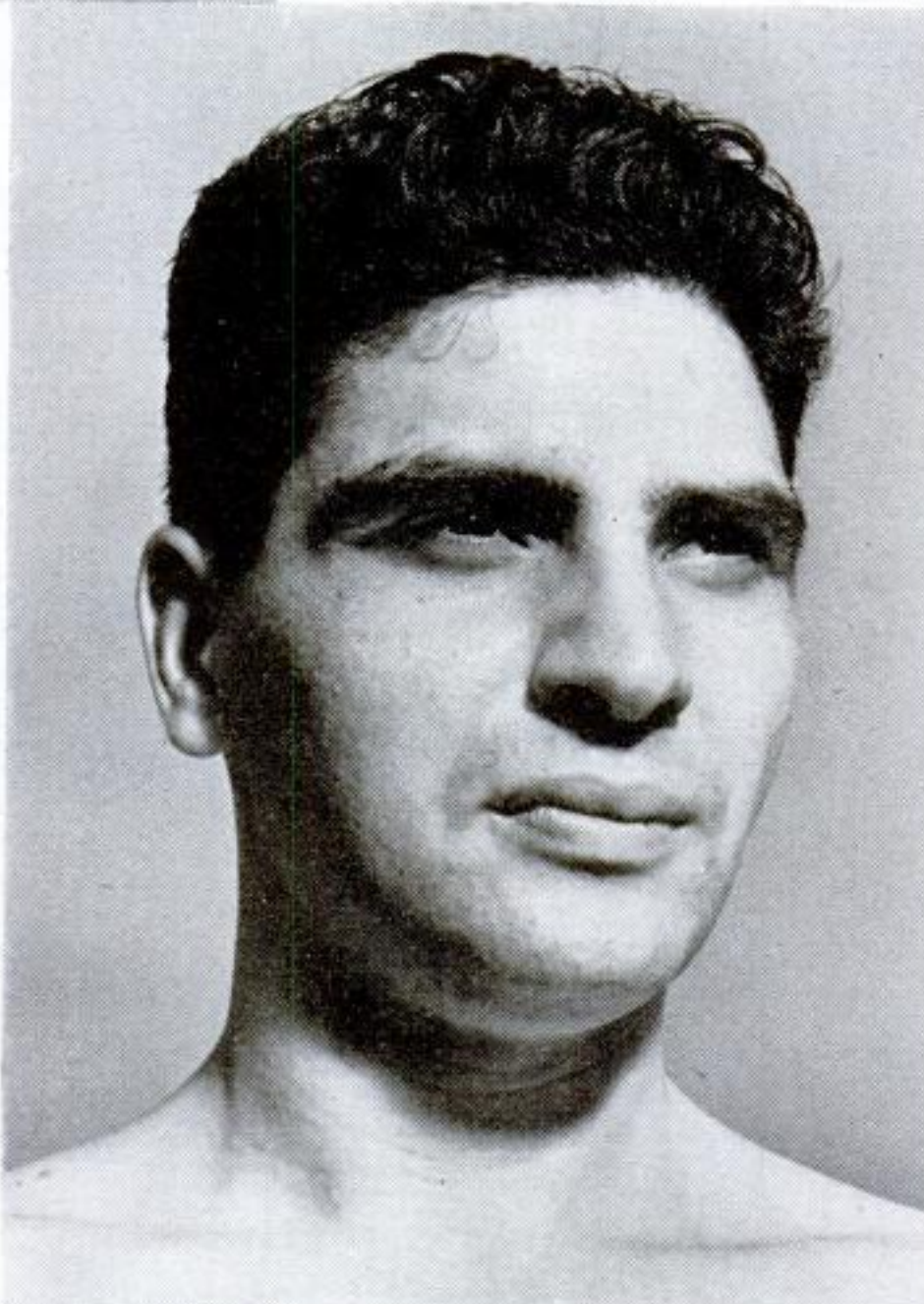


SGT. ANTHONY RADA

Rada, 28, is a fighting man and an artist. Before the war he worked on the assembly line for Buick in Flint, Mich. and in his spare time he studied commercial art. He designed the Rangers' shoulder patch. He says: "I used to draw sitting in foxholes, that's the way I used to while the time away, little drawings for the boys, they used to send 'em home in their letters. In Anzio I was drawing under fire, making fun of guys, how they looked with whiskers. I remember I drew one about 20 times, that was about the spring of the year, everyone was coming out of their holes, setting on a can of C-rations washing out his GI skivvies. I called it *Spring in Anzio*."

LIEUT. JAMES ALTIERI

When Jim Altieri, 24, started out with the Rangers he was a corporal. Now he is a company commander, for which the normal rank is captain. He is still a first lieutenant because his advancement has been so rapid. Before the war he was a jack of all strong-arm trades—steelworker, automobile painter, flash welder for Edward G. Budd in Philadelphia. But in the Rangers he has been developing his literary talents. He has written a *Ranger Ballad*, has kept notes for a Ranger chronicle, has become Ranger public-relations officer. Most people mispronounce his name, so when he is introduced he says: "I am Altieri of the artillery with the ulterior motives."



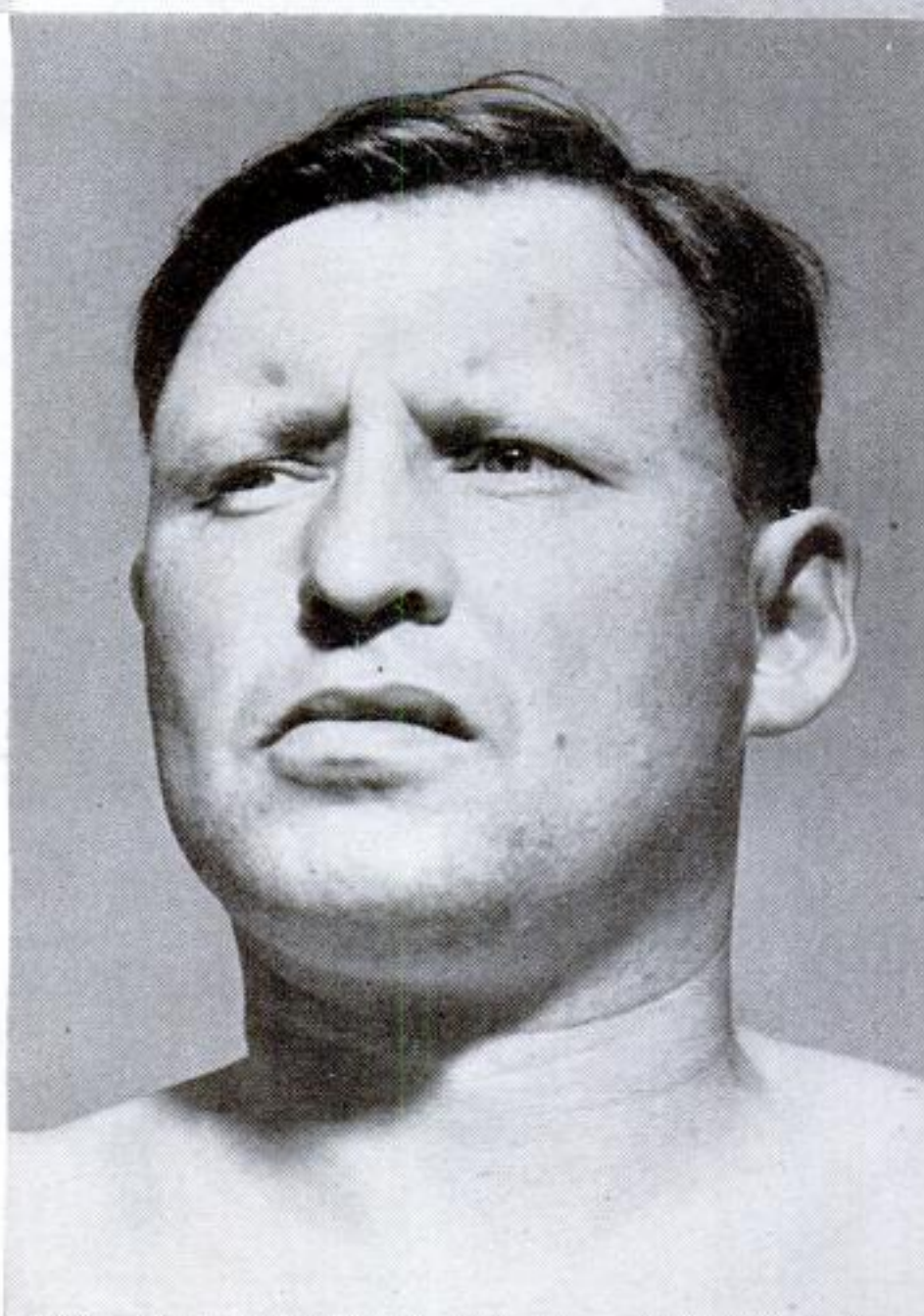
PFC. CARLO CONTRERA

Contrera, 24, has been in love with Lucille Verdi, of Brooklyn, all through his fighting days. Coming home was a big event. He says: "I told my girl: 'Meet me early in the morning and we'll paint Broadway pink, black and blue,' which we did. So after a while I told her: 'Tabe, we been waiting two years and that's long enough.' She come right up with a big yes. So my next leave, we'll get married." Contrera has told Lucille many stories, including the one about the day Colonel Darby told him to knock out a German machine-gun nest. Contrera began to tremble. The colonel said: "What are you nervous about?" Contrera said: "I'm not nervous, sir, I'm just shaking with patriotism."



SGT. D. W. CAMPBELL

David Campbell, 30, has the Silver Star for a skirmish in which he alone took on six Germans armed with machine pistols and rifles. He killed three, wounded one, captured two. In civilian life Campbell was a truck driver by vocation, a cabinetmaker by avocation. Whenever in rear areas, Campbell would get a hammer and saw and some lumber and make tables, chairs, bulletin boards, signs. Like most soldiers, he has brought souvenirs home: lava from Vesuvius, a German paratrooper's knife, an Arabian cigaret case and drinking cup, some religious paintings, a British Commando hat, a pair of baby shoes from Tunisia and coins from North Africa, Germany, Italy, Great Britain.



LIEUT. PEER A. BUCK

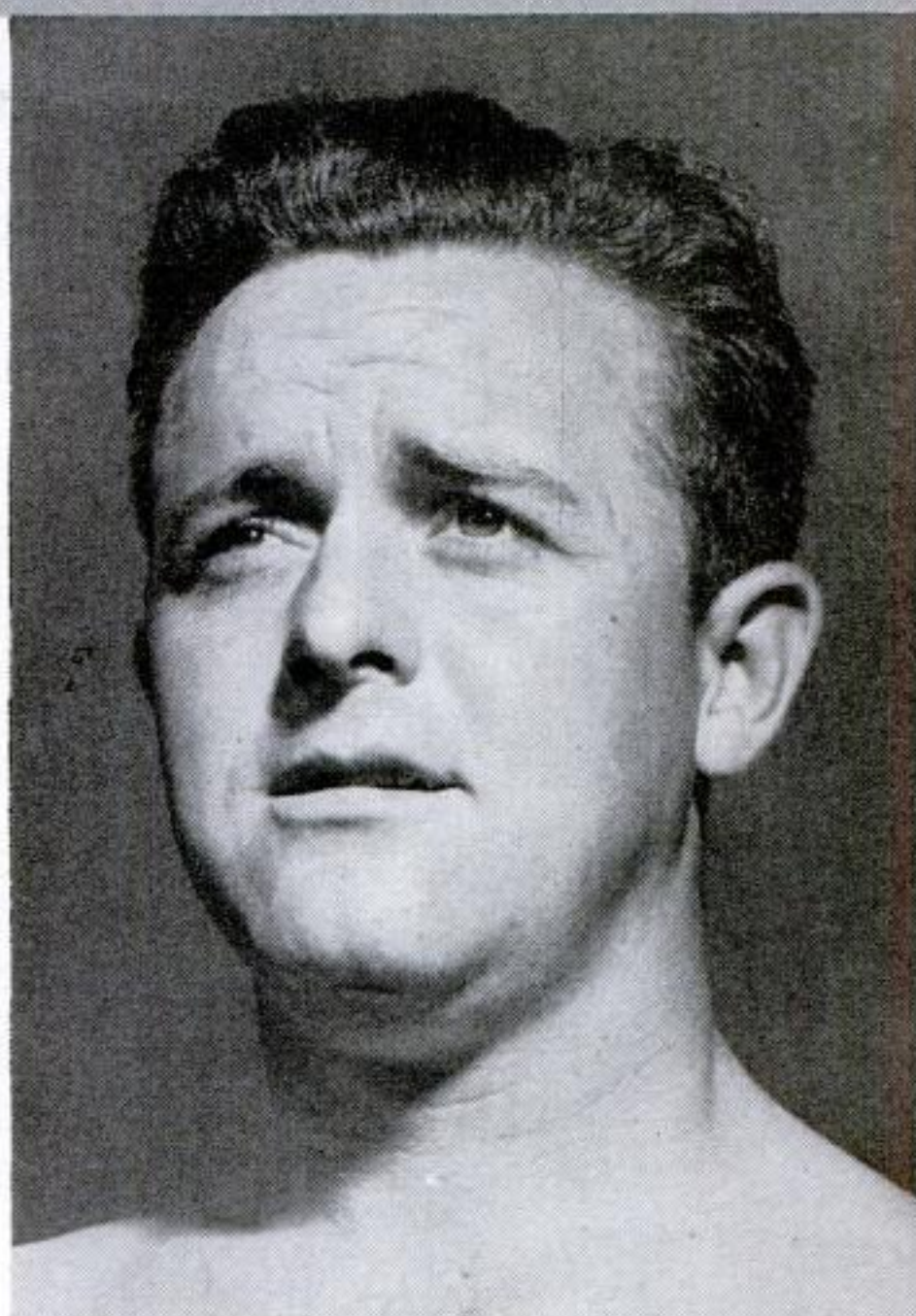
Peer Buck, 35, had a wide experience as background for being a Ranger. While at the agriculture school at the University of Minnesota he took up boxing. After college he boxed professionally in Minnesota and Wisconsin. He swung a sledge hammer for the Butler Manufacturing Co. in Minneapolis, but got fired for playing hookey to have a talk with a fight manager. He became a counterman in a cafeteria, a waiter in a hotel and then hotel detective in the Nicollet in Minneapolis. His rugged looks helped him in that job. "As a house dick I had very little trouble," he says, "never anything serious. I could always talk those guys out of anything."





SGT. JOSEPH P. LUCAS

Before the war Lucas, 26, was a locomotive fireman on a New York Central freight run between Youngstown, Ohio and Connellsville, Pa. He wants to go back to the railroad. He says: "First I was in a line company, then I ruined my feet. Both my arches dropped in Sicily. Then I was a driver, then a maintenance sergeant. I had lots of fun in Italy, those girls at Lucrino and Naples, you could love yourself to death over there. I damn near got married, a nice-looking girl, weighed 110, nice broad hips the way I like 'em, so if she's walking along you could climb right up and sit on the side if you wanted to, only of course you wouldn't want to. Her name was Maria, or Angelina, or something."

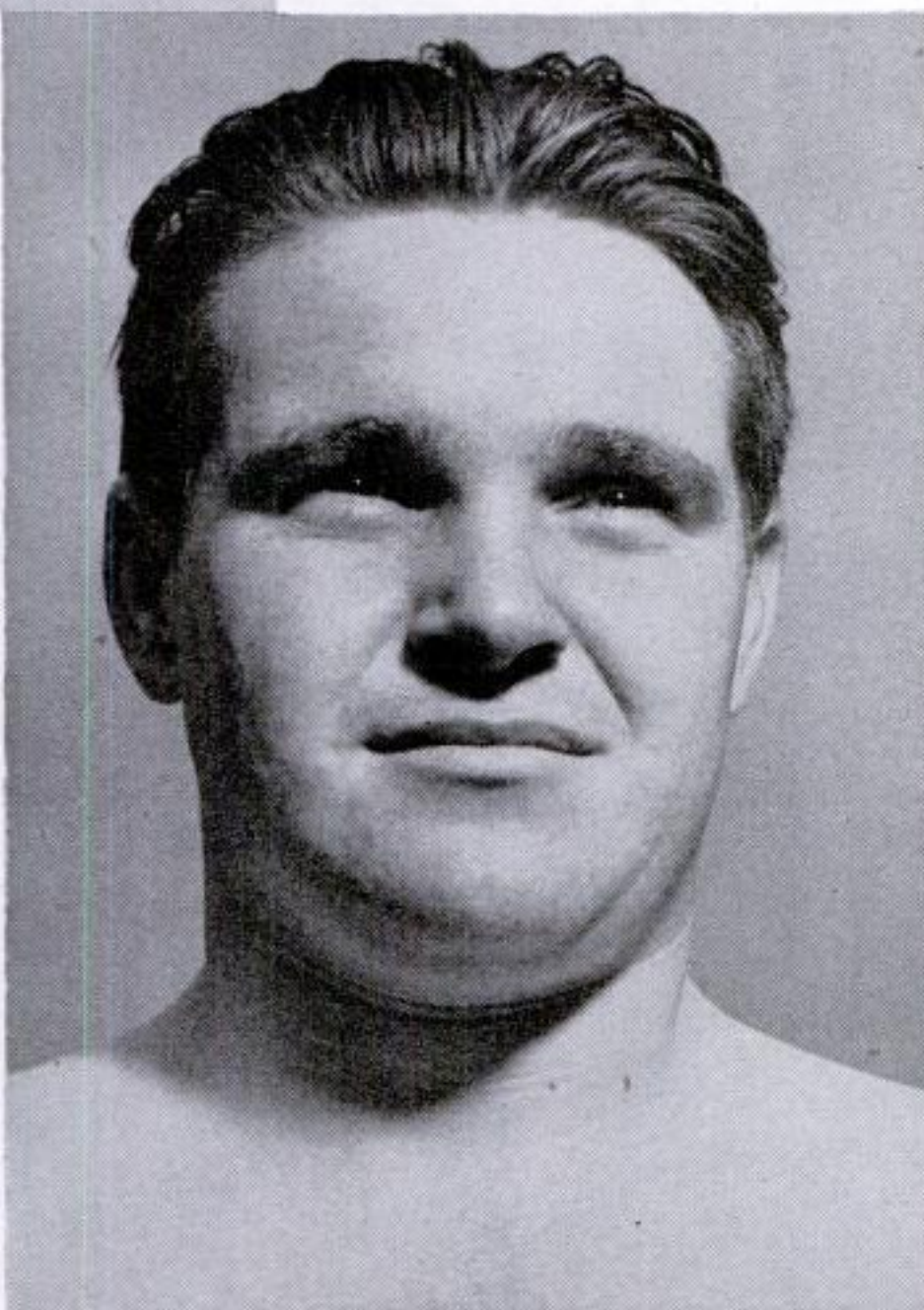


SGT. GEORGE H. CREED

George Creed, 26, speaks of his home state as "West By God Virginia." He worked in the coal mines before the war, but he says: "I wouldn't like to be in the coal mines, not now. I want to be in something there's no work in. I think I found me a home in the Army. Uncle Sam's just so much better to you." Creed might not talk this way if he were not among the very few Rangers who came through unhurt. He says: "I didn't get a scratch. Sometimes it's luck, sometimes it's the Old Master up above." But like most Rangers he is sick of war. He says: "I'm a peace-loving man. Man, I'm telling you, they just get you that way in a war. Be peaceful, that's going to be my motto from now on."

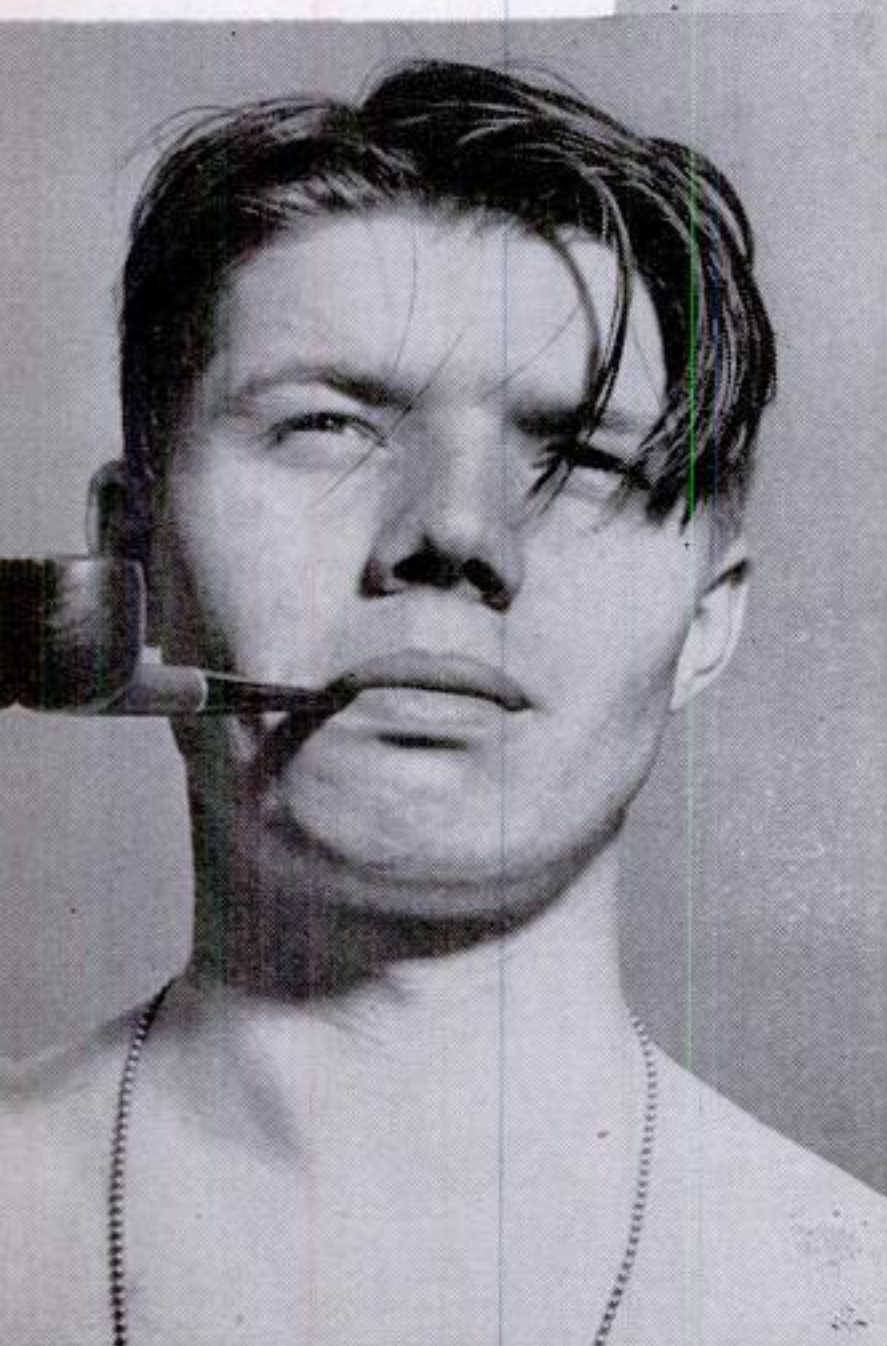
M/SGT. DEAN HOOKER

Dean Hooker, 22, who is now the Fourth Battalion's sergeant major, or highest ranking non-com, is husky, quiet, unassuming. He joined the Rangers at the same time as his brother Johnny. Both became section leaders in the same company. In the bitter fighting around Venafro, where Ranger losses were so severe that one company was reduced to barely one-fourth of its normal complement, Johnny led his section up a hill to attack a sniper position and was shot by a machine pistol. An hour later, behind the lines, Dean was told of his brother's death. His face showed no emotion. But he took his section, led them up the hill, cleaned out the sniper and carried Johnny's body back to the American lines.



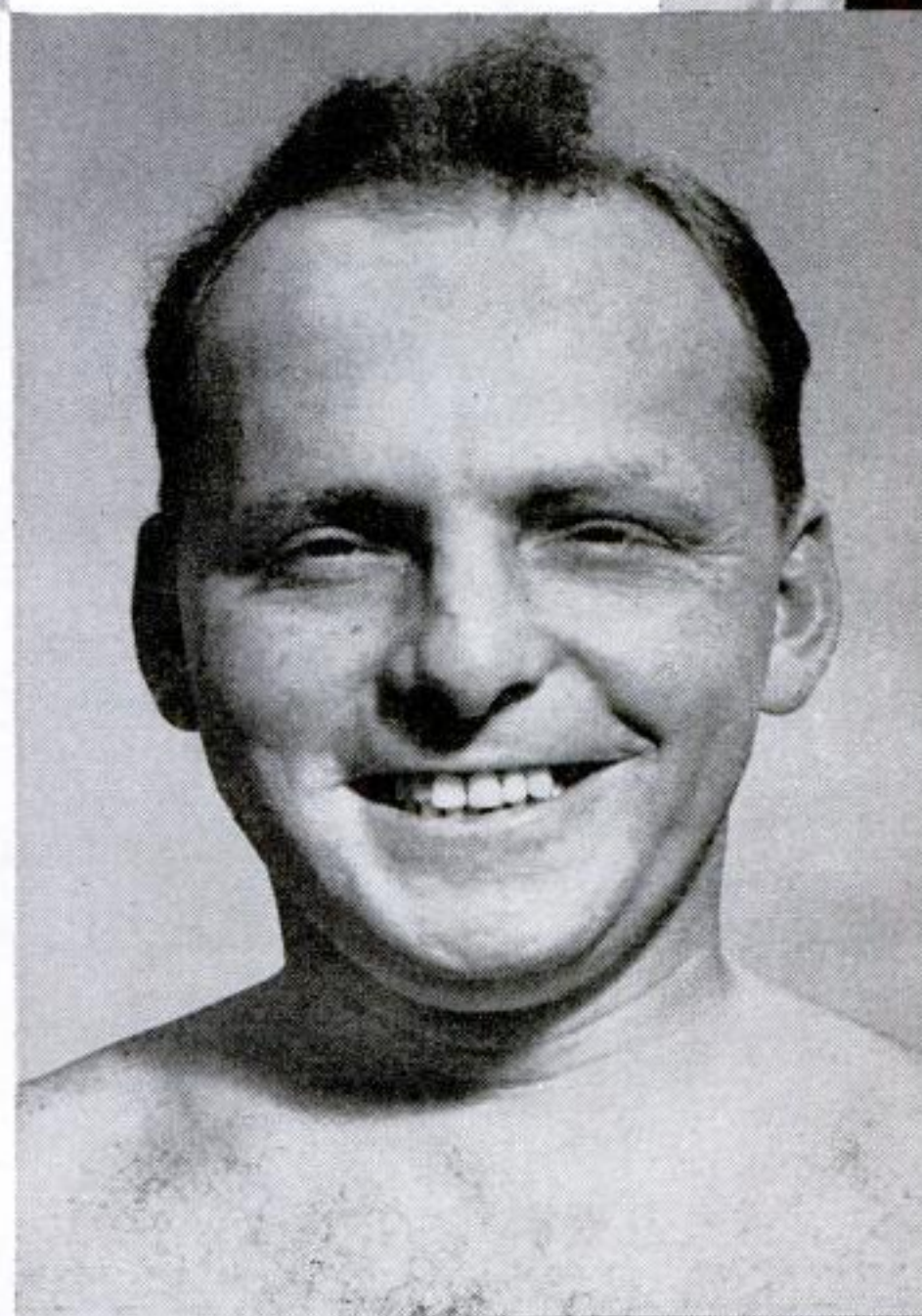
LT. RANDALL HARRIS

Harris, 29, is the only Ranger besides Colonel Darby with the D.S.C. At Gela, Sicily, he was first sergeant of D company of the First Rangers. His company's mission was to take the eastern half of Gela and form a perimeter. Early in the action an S-mine killed the company commander. Harris took command. Another mine hit Harris in the guts and legs. His intestines started coming out. He moved his canteen belt down over wound, went on to complete his company's mission, then took his place two hours later in an aid-station line. The doctor found him waiting behind several slightly wounded men, refusing to cut in at the head of line. He was holding his intestines in with his hands.



SGT. LESTER B. COOK

Sgt. Cook, 21, and his pipe are inseparable. "I've had this pipe about four years," he says. "I lost the filter out of it over there. When it got clogged you could always find a wire or a piece of old stick to ram down it and clear it. The advantage is, at night you can go under a blanket and light it, you don't have to stay under like with butts, you can just hold your hand over the bowl." Cook and his pipe were buried alive by a shell at Venafro. His feet were sticking out and friends pulled him out just in time. His helmet had been knocked down over his face, so he could breathe, and if his pipe had not been knocked out of his mouth he probably would have gone right on smoking underground.



CAPT. J. N. FINEBERG

Redheaded Joe Fineberg, 26, was the joker of the outfit. Before the war he did a little of everything in show business. For a while he was treasurer of a burlesque theater, picked up some patter which helped keep the boys happy overseas. Like most Ranger officers he was commissioned in the field. He says of it: "By act of Congress, I'm a gentleman." He became supply officer. "As a whole," he says, "I was careful of Uncle Sam. I wasn't going to ask for 18 automatic rifles when we only needed 10. I was in front of the inspector general once for overordering rations, but I was exonerated because what happened was I couldn't wait for channels—you can't send a letter when Rangers are hungry."



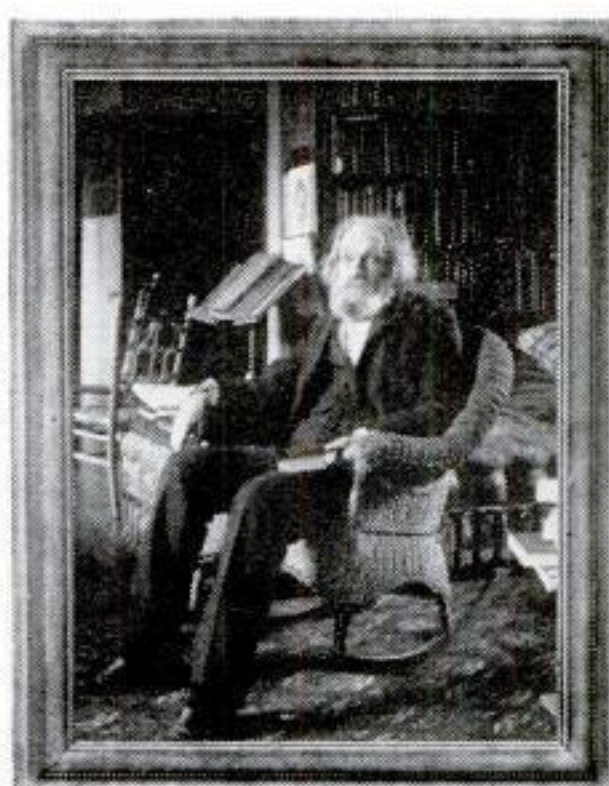
JOHN P. MARQUAND AT HIS HOME IN NEWBURYPORT



Governor Joseph Dudley of Massachusetts Bay was an ancestor of Marquand.



Transcendentalist Margaret Fuller, New England intellectual, was a great-aunt.



Author Edward Everett Hale (*The Man Without a Country*) was another relation.



Fuller family photograph shows Marquand's maternal grandfather (right). The Fullers were mostly clergymen and lawyers.

JOHN P. MARQUAND

AMERICA'S FAMOUS NOVELIST OF MANNERS WOULD MAKE A WONDERFUL CHARACTER IN ONE OF HIS OWN BOOKS

by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

It was June and high-school graduation time in the old seacoast town of Newburyport, Mass. The year was 1910 and the place was the box-shaped brick town hall just down the street from the high school. The graduates, in white dresses and best blue suits, had gathered in nervous groups in the basement, and now they were marching up the stairs in boy-and-girl file, under the admiring scrutiny of their parents and relations. Presently they found themselves standing on the stage inside, with programs in their hands, singing the class ode which had been written (to the tune of *Fair Harvard*) by Judge Simpson's daughter Lillian:

*Oh golden and rosy the dreams of our youth
And bright are our hopes for success
We look to the future with wide shining eyes
And to failure we'll never confess.
Oh beckoning dreams and confident hopes,
Starry visions your ardor reveals
In your soft lustrous haze all is beauty and joy
Every peril the future conceals. . . .*

Presently also they were listening to the class prophecy, recited in a high monotone by Miss Gladys Whitson. In the back row a boy with sandy blond hair suddenly swallowed hard as

John Phillips Marquand has written four of the outstanding American novels of recent years: *The Late George Apley*, *Wickford Point*, *H. M. Pulham, Esquire* and *So Little Time*. Critics have called him "America's foremost satirist" and "our leading contemporary novelist of manners." He has just been elected a judge of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Gladys declaimed: "Marquand's great dictionary is a marvel to behold, A day's perusal in its depths would make a boy grow old. . . . (But) Miss Simpson, famed philanthropist, doth with weighty brow, the lexicographer entrap with definitions wise enow. . . ." He stole a quick glance at Lillian Simpson and saw that she was blushing too. People in the audience were snickering and looking at both of them.

At that moment John Phillips Marquand, aged 16, would have welcomed death.

Not that there was anything at all between him and Lillian Simpson. He had only been to

see her once, in her family's big Victorian gingerbread house on High Street. After they had sat for awhile on the porch Mrs. Simpson invited them into the parlor to have "a dish of cream." He had never heard of having a dish of cream and couldn't imagine what it was; he sat there in a dreadful silence until it appeared. It was homemade vanilla ice cream. He gulped it down and made his escape and never went back to the Simpsons' because he felt he had shown inexcusable ignorance about the dish of cream.

He didn't go back after the high-school graduation either; he never saw Lillian Simpson again. The following year he entered Harvard, where he continued to be self-conscious and lonely. After he got his degree he worked for a while on the Boston *Evening Transcript* and soldiered in France and did some more newspaper and advertising work in New York, and then he became a professional writer of fiction. He wrote short stories and serials for the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* and *Good Housekeeping*. He invented Mr. Moto, a Japanese adventure-story hero who was quickly bought by Hollywood. The movies made six Mr. Moto pictures, paying Marquand \$4,000 for each picture and not even

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



J. P. Marquand, aged 3, sits on his father's lap and ignores the book. He was a backward reader.



Also at 3, he went riding in a dogcart drawn by Mack (the poodle) and Nick (the setter) at family's summer home near Newburyport. His long curls were cut next year.



At 21, he posed for this solemn-looking Harvard graduation picture. He was on the *Lampoon* staff.

Marquand (continued)

asking him to write a single line. All in all, Marquand wrote 125 stories and serials for the magazines between 1921 and 1944 and sold every one of them for a good price.

In 1937 Marquand published what the critics called his first "serious" book—a satirical novel about Boston named *The Late George Apley*. This won the Pulitzer Prize in 1938 and has sold 42,052 copies. After that he wrote three more novels in the same smooth and ironic vein: *Wickford Point* (1939), which has sold 59,358 copies; *H. M. Pulham, Esquire* (1941), which has sold 235,744 copies; and *So Little Time*, published last August, which has sold 641,815 copies. Book royalties on *So Little Time* already exceed the movies' payment of \$125,000 which means that Marquand has earned more than a quarter of a million dollars from this book alone (most of which, of course, will go to the government in income taxes). Just this month Marquand was elected a judge of the Book-of-the-Month Club, which puts him near the very top of the literary whirl at which he has poked considerable fun in his books, especially *So Little Time*.

As a result of all this it can rather safely be said that Marquand is now the most successful novelist in the U. S.

"I didn't say that!"

Marquand always gets angry and upset when people insist on identifying the characters in his novels with various real-life individuals, including himself. One day Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. ran into him and said: "Do you know, I almost made a terrible mistake and gave my father-in-law your book *H. M. Pulham, Esquire* to read on his way to meet Winston Churchill. Just by luck I looked in the back and saw where you said you don't believe either Mr. Roosevelt or Germany will last much longer, so I didn't give him the book. It would have upset him very much."

"My God," Marquand exclaimed, "I didn't say that; Harry Pulham said it, and he's a dyed-in-the-wool Republican from Boston, and I'm not." But this kind of explanation never does much good because a great many people are convinced the people in Marquand's books are really himself and his family, friends, business associates, wives, in-laws and children under a slight fictional disguise.

Marquand has gone to great lengths to deny this and even to argue that it is impossible. "I honestly do not believe that any living human being has ever been placed in the pages of a novel," he once said. He contends that a writer must juggle together the traits and eccentricities of a dozen real people in order to produce one convincing character in a book.

This is a good argument, and it would probably be even better if Marquand himself were not such an ideal character for anybody's novels, including his own. In appearance he is just about the perfect embodiment of a novelist's idea of a novelist—lean, ruddy-faced and taciturn, with a close-cropped light mustache that is almost invisible. He prefers shaggy clothes and carries himself with an air that hostesses of a certain age would call "distinguished" and those a little younger might describe as "interesting." He speaks in a slow New England drawl and he has a way of jerking his words out of the corner of his mouth and standing up and waving his arms when he is telling a funny story. He hates most cocktail and dinner parties but often goes to

them, and when he feels like sulking in a corner, he sulks. He has a boundless horror of being bored and does not always conceal it. He makes fun of people with money and frankly enjoys having plenty himself.

He considers the act of writing utter torture, but is really not much interested in anything else in the world. He seldom enjoys reading other people's books because he finds himself analyzing their methods and forgets what they are saying. He has been married twice, once in the country and once in the city. Both marriages were very ritzy affairs. In between, he lived with a Filipino valet named Pete who rubbed his back and played medicine ball with him and came in every few mornings with a hangover from a big night at the Oriental Club. Marquand was very happy living with Pete and says jokingly he cannot understand why he ever got married again.

Marquand makes a good deal of fun of his own family and of Boston and New England in general, but he seriously admires the solid New England virtues of being completely self-centered and self-satisfied. In *So Little Time* he made fun of people who live in old rebuilt New England



Marquand's first novel was *The Unspeakable Gentleman*, a cloak-and-sword melodrama which first appeared as a serial in *Ladies Home Journal* in 1922 with this illustration. Original caption reads: "You fool," she cried. "Put up your sword."

farmhouses with antique furniture and quaint hooked rugs and cobblers' benches and fire-proofed hay in the barn. His own home is an old rebuilt farmhouse near Newburyport which has six bathrooms and is furnished with antique pine cupboards and hooked rugs and dining-table mats with Currier and Ives prints on them and over-sized English coffee cups which are decorated with quaint colored pictures of scythes, rakes, pruning shears and churns.

Marquand has traveled around the world a great deal, for fun, and also to pick up exotic flavoring material for his magazine fiction. Recently he completed a 20,000-mile airplane trip on a government mission, through central Africa and India. But, like the late George Apley and Harry Pulham and others he has written about, Marquand at the age of 50 has discovered that he was always traveling in a circle, which began and ended in New England.

"My own road," he has written, "has always turned toward home."

Like everyone else of straight-line New England descent on both sides, Marquand is connected with a large number of what are called old and prominent American families. He is a direct descendant of Governors Thomas and Joseph Dudley of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, of Governor Tristram Coffin of Nantucket and of Timothy Fuller, a famous early congressman

who helped manage John Adams' presidential campaign. Marquand's mother was a Fuller and very beautiful; through her Marquand is a grandnephew of the celebrated authoress, Margaret Fuller, who is called the Dorothy Thompson of the New England Transcendentalists because she went everywhere and spoke her mind freely and wrote argumentative articles for Horace Greeley's New York *Tribune*.

The Marquands themselves came to Newburyport from the island of Guernsey in 1732. Joseph Marquand was a merchant who made a fortune privateering against British ships during the Revolution.

His grandson was named after Mayor John Phillips of Boston, and he became the grandfather of the present J. P. Marquand. Grandfather Marquand went to sea at the age of 16 and then went into what some members of the family called "the bucket-shop business" in Wall Street, New York and made a great deal of money. He married a daughter of Samuel Curson, a Boston merchant who had shipped as clerk on the first New England ship that ever went to Hawaii and Hong Kong. Samuel Curson owned Curzon's Mill (the

spelling has changed during the years) on the little Artichoke River just above its junction with the Merrimack, four miles west of Newburyport, and lived there in a beautiful yellow clapboard house looking out over the river. One of his other daughters, Elizabeth, went to Brook Farm, the famous community of New England authors and radicals in the 1840s, where she met and married a Mr. Hoxie. They came back to Newburyport and built a red brick house near the yellow house at Curzon's Mill. Lizzie Hoxie and her sisters Mary and Margaret Curson were friends of Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau and Celia Thaxter, the lady poet who wrote the famous verses beginning, "Across the narrow beach we flit, One little sandpiper and I . . ." They were also friends of John Greenleaf Whittier who lived across the Merrimack River at Amesbury and often rowed over to visit them.

People are always saying to Marquand that with this kind of a family background it is no wonder he became a writer. This remark is a red flag to him. "So far as I can remember," he has said, "nobody in my family ever read a book except me. They just liked to talk." He got very fed up with fond family memories of Margaret Fuller and Mr. Emerson, and he is especially thankful that he was not born in time to be kissed by John Greenleaf Whittier.

The Marquands always had style

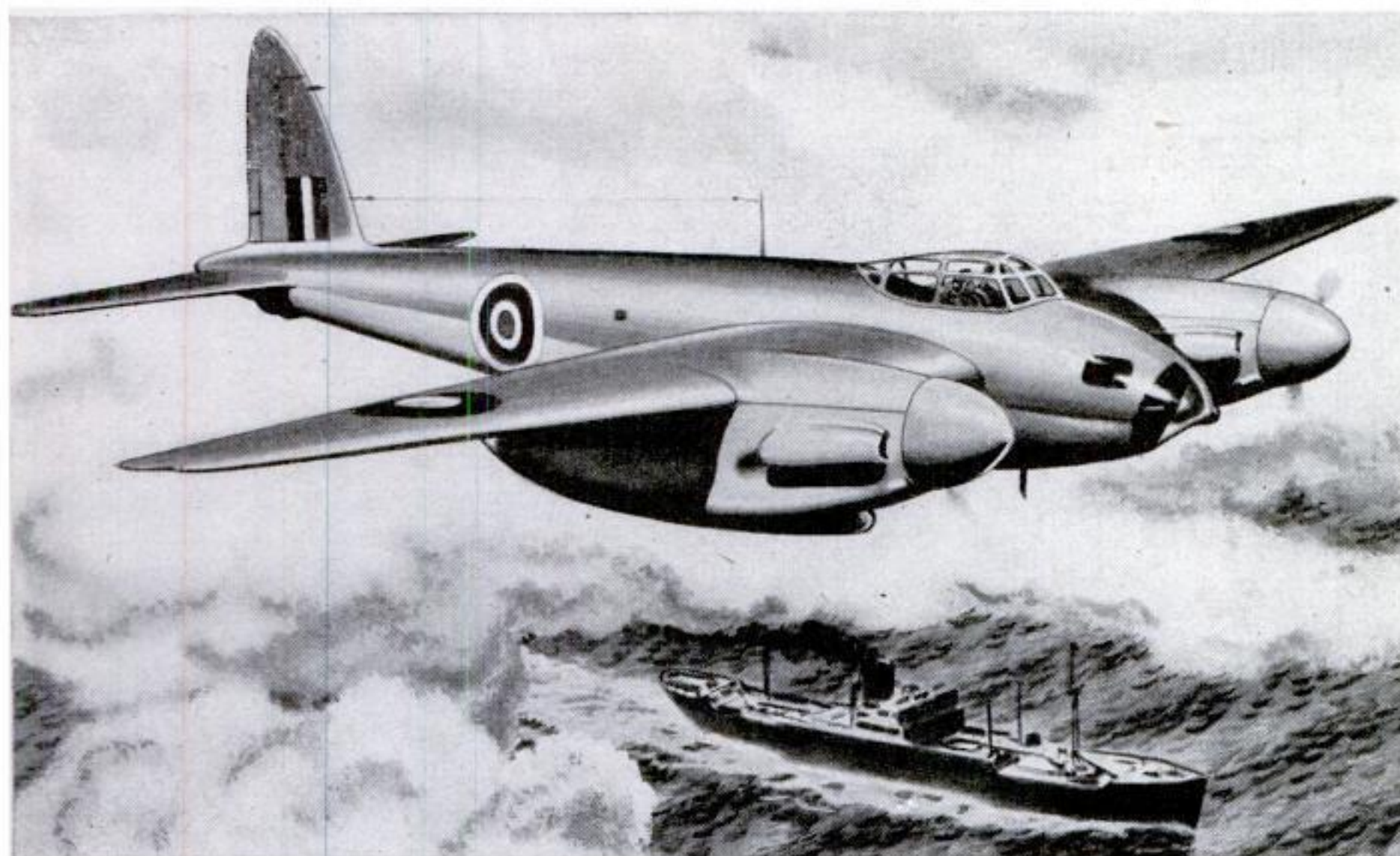
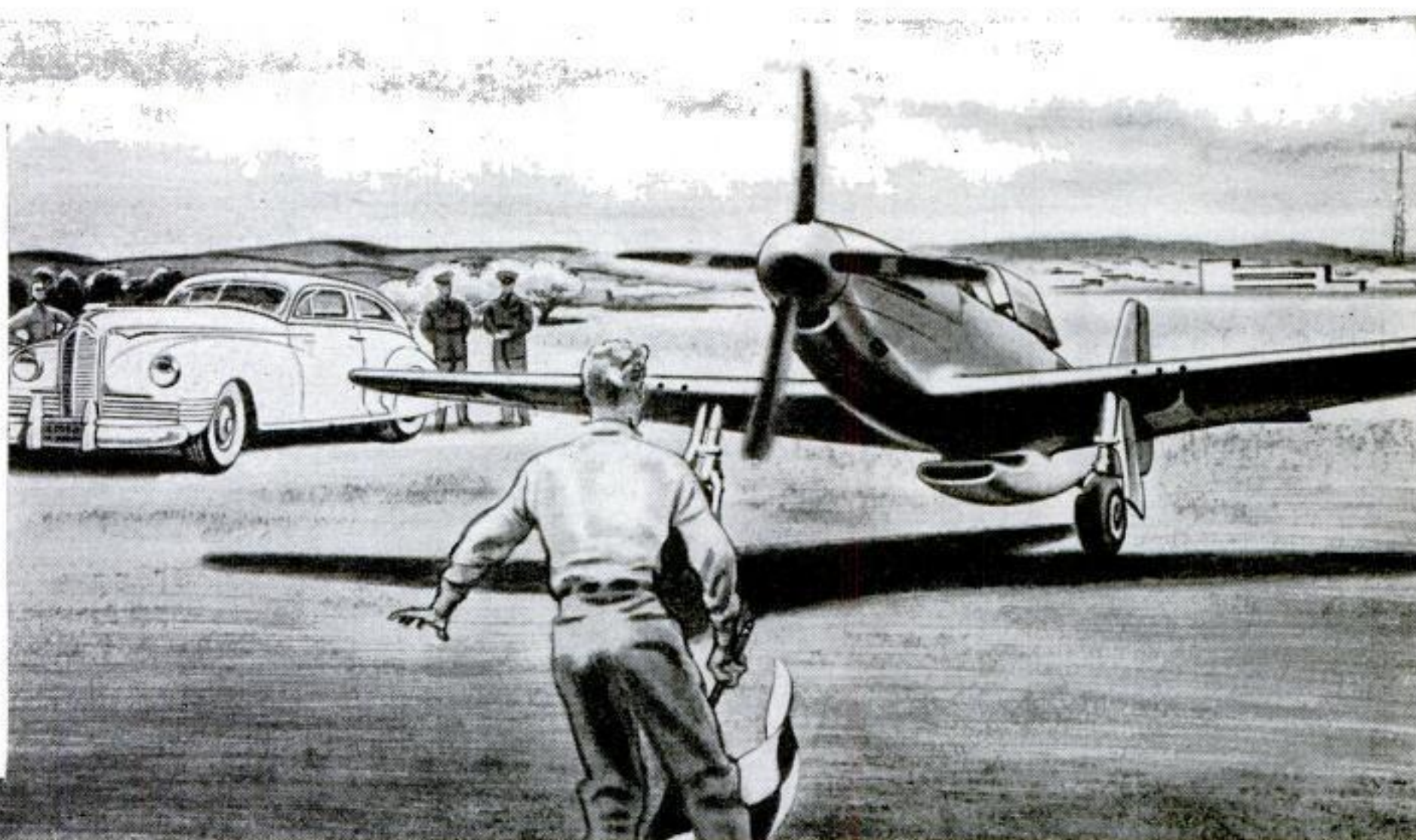
Marquand was not born in Newburyport, but in Wilmington, Del. on Nov. 10, 1893. His father Philip, a civil engineer, was working there for the American Bridge Company. Philip Marquand is a spry little man who was in the class of 1889 at Harvard and won the university featherweight sparring championship. He designed a part of a bridge which is known as the "Marquand span," and later went into the brokerage business in New York, when John was 6. The family lived in the East 30s in a little red brick house with a backyard and an iron balcony in front. John used to go with his nurse to Madison Square to play with other boys who came there with their nurses and drank water from a tin dipper that hung on a chain beside the fountain in the square.

Later on the family moved to the suburb of Rye, N. Y. so that John could grow up in "the country." The Marquands at this time had two

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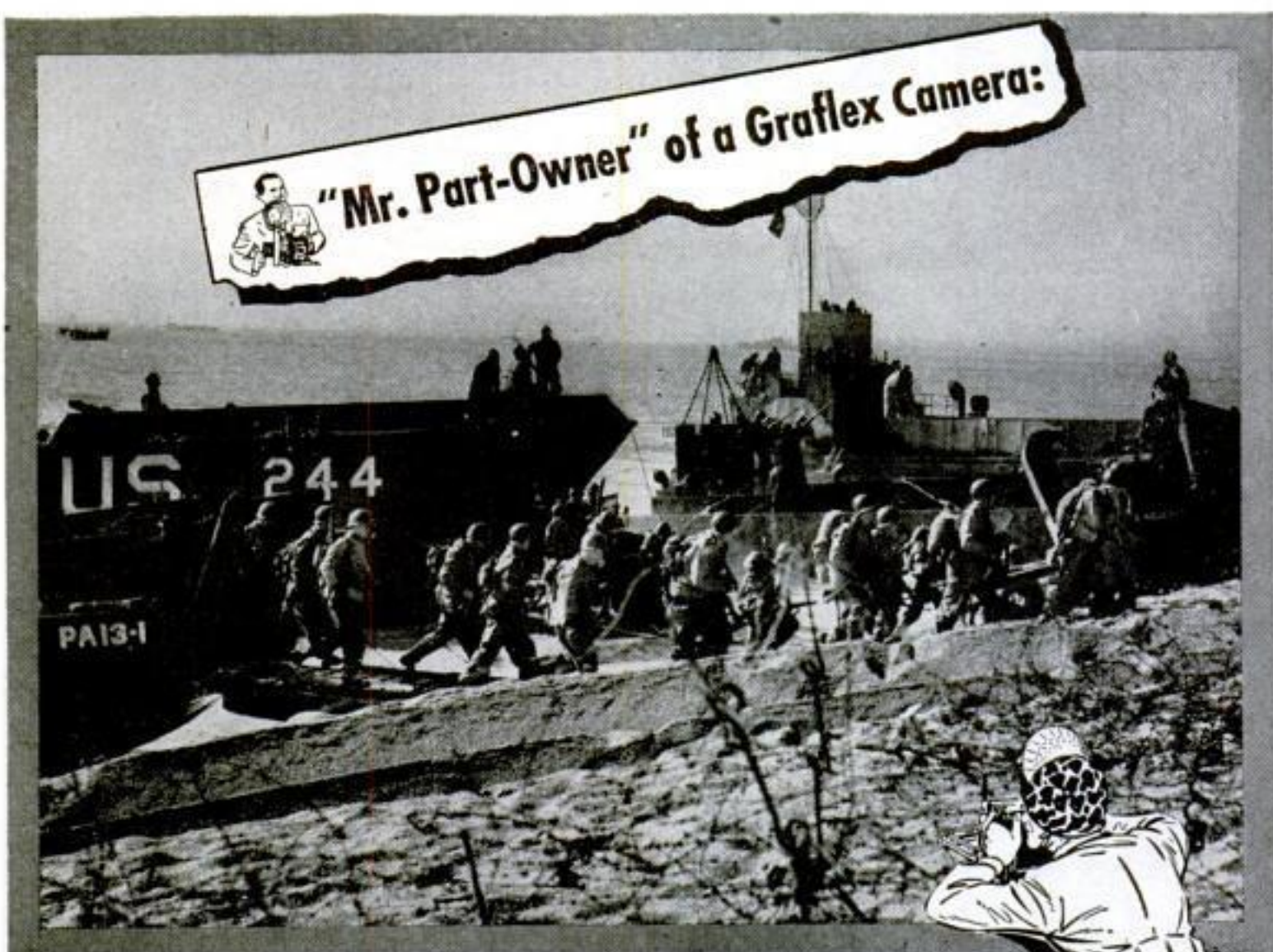


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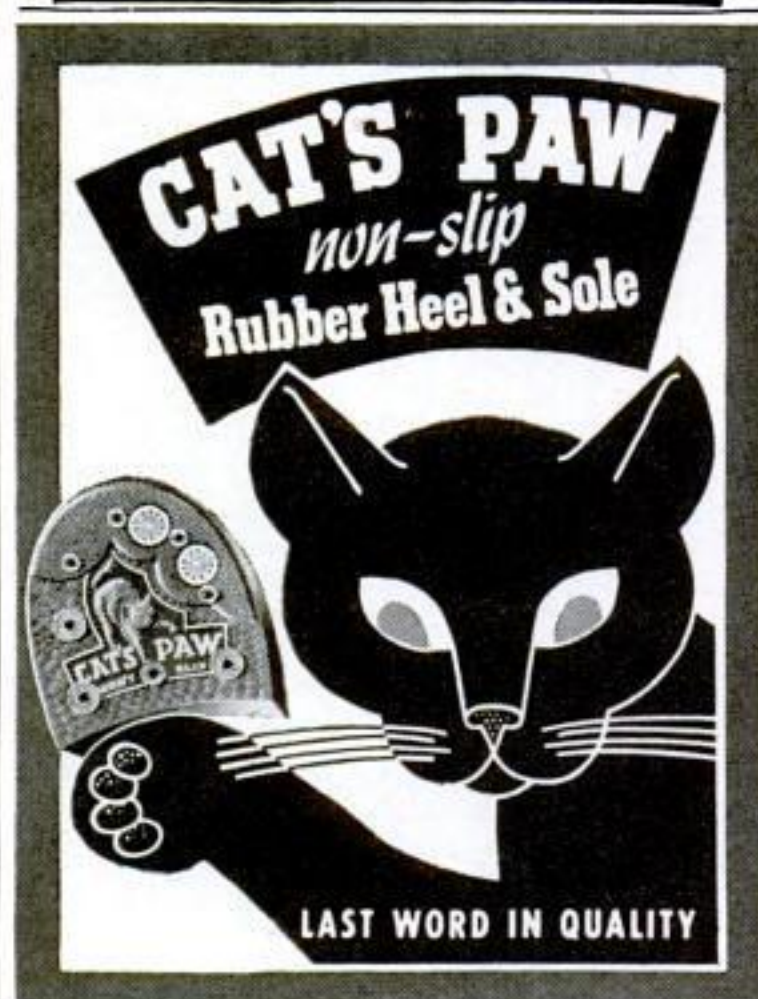


Hot Dan's sauce to serve with wartime meats:

Combine equal portions of French's Mustard, horse-radish and evaporated milk. Stir in a little mayonnaise if you like a milder flavor.



"Hey, Joe! Lookit—a brand new pack of Marlin Blades"



Marquand (continued)

servants and a coachman and were living in what John's cousin, Dudley Hale, calls "very good style." "You can say what you want," says Dudley, "the Marquands always had style." But style did not help them in 1907, when a panic swept through Wall Street and wiped out every cent they had. Philip Marquand took an engineering job on the Panama Canal and went down there with his wife. John, aged 14, went to live with three maiden aunts in the yellow house at Curzon's Mill, and attended high school in Newburyport.

This change had a great effect on his life and on his thinking ever since; sometimes he speaks quite bitterly about it, and other times he says it was a good thing, because he got a better knowledge of people in public school than he would have at St. Marks where his family had planned to send him. In his novels Marquand devotes a great deal of attention to the schooling and adolescence of his principal male characters, and they are usually unhappy at that age.

His classmates at Newburyport High didn't notice that Marquand was unhappy. They thought he was rather snooty. He was the only boy in school whose parents were listed in the New York Social Register. He made no friends and took part in no activities until his senior year, when he appeared in one of the weekly "Rhetoricals" (recitation contests) and delivered a stirring rendition of *Casey at the Bat*.

Harvard and mixed emotions

When it came time for Marquand to enter Harvard, as his family had done for generations, he had to apply for a scholarship to the local Harvard Club. He was turned down. However, there was in Newburyport a fund established by a man named Wheelwright which gave scholarships at Harvard to young men who were majoring in scientific subjects. Marquand announced he was going to major in chemistry and obtained one of these scholarships. He hated chemistry and finished all his courses in three years and got out of Harvard to go to work in the summer of 1914. The next year he came back and received his degree with the class of 1915.

While at Harvard Marquand lived in a gray wooden boarding-house at 7 Linden Street run by two maiden ladies named Mooney. It was known to students as "Miss Mooney's Pleasure Palace," and it is still there, taking in Harvard boarders. Marquand had a fourth-floor room with a small Franklin stove, some mahogany family furniture and a green parrot which chewed clothespins for exercise and slept under a blanket in his closet. James B. Conant, now president of Harvard, was then a student living on the third floor of Miss Mooney's Pleasure Palace. He and Marquand sometimes tossed bags of water at each other on the stairs, water fights being a favorite evening pastime.

In an autobiographical sketch which he wrote for his 25th class



Marquands' dining room at Newburyport is equipped with all kinds of antiques and knickknacks, such as hobnail glasses and pewter warming dishes shaped like ducks.

anniversary report in 1940, Marquand said: "Harvard is a subject which I still face with mixed emotions. I brought away from it a number of frustrations and illusions which have handicapped me throughout most of my life." But people who knew him in college say he gave an imitation of having a good time. During his last year he became enthusiastic about courses in English literature and composition and was invited to Professor Copeland's Tuesday-night "readings" from great books. It was there, he says, that he felt the first, faint stirrings of literary ambition.

Two weeks after leaving Harvard Marquand was working for the Boston *Evening Transcript* as a \$15-a-week reporter. He did not do well in the city room and was soon shifted to the magazine section, which came out every Wednesday and Saturday with long feature articles on books, plays, art, genealogy, chess and Beacon Hill society.

He was quite poor that winter. He lived in an attic room at 57 Pinckney Street, on Beacon Hill. There were five flights of stairs to the top floor and then another narrow flight up to his room in a tiny cupola, with no windows, but a skylight through which he could step and look over all of Boston. The room cost \$2.50 a week, and breakfast each morning in Thompson's Temperance Spa was 20¢ or 25¢—oatmeal and coffee. "I don't know how I got on," he recently remarked of this period in his life. "I was undernourished, I think."

Marquand's boss in the magazine section of the *Transcript* was a peppery little man named Burton Kline who spent many of his working hours writing novels with titles like *Struck by Lightning* and *Mrs. Brimstone*. He hated to be disturbed in his creative struggles by the routine work of the paper and he would often shout at Marquand, "Here, write these headlines and get the copy up," and go back to another chapter of *Mrs. Brimstone*. Marquand was greatly impressed and excited by all this. He says Kline probably encouraged him more to write than anyone he ever knew.

After a year Marquand got a raise to \$25 a week. But soon after that he departed for El Paso, Texas with Battery A of the Massachusetts National Guard, which had been mobilized for duty on the Mexican border. He had joined Battery A while at Harvard because he enjoyed riding horses and because it was the thing to do. The privates and corporals in Battery A came from the very best families; they were all "little gentlemen" and were sure they knew more about everything than their officers. Their sojourn in Texas was one long, happy vacation in the sun. Marquand, who always felt timid and mouselike in his private's uniform, was assigned to gather up wagonloads of horse manure every morning and deliver it to a place where some ragged Mexicans burned it. This took all morning and on the way home he and his driver would stop at the post exchange and drink beer.

Full of beans and hope

When April 1917 arrived, however, Marquand announced to his friends that he was not going to shovel any more manure, and left for officers' training camp at Plattsburg. He came out at the head of the first lieutenants' list in August. He lost 20 pounds and looked more youthful and scared in his uniformed pictures than his 21-year-old son John P. Jr. does today. He went overseas with the Fourth Division, became an intelligence officer in the 77th Artillery and was sent to the front just after the Germans had retreated from Chateau-Thierry. He came under heavy shellfire several times, was in two gas attacks and once ran into a German straggler while scouting some abandoned trenches. The German ducked around a corner and got away while Marquand was fumbling for his .45. Marquand is still sorry he didn't get a shot at him. He saw a number of friends killed or badly shot up in the war and developed a lasting antipathy toward everything German. In 1941, when reporters asked him how he felt about the America First activities of his second wife, he remarked that he himself had always felt there should be an open season on Germans.

When Marquand came back from France at the end of the war he felt none of the weariness, remorse and disillusionment which were to appear later in so many American novels, including his own. He was, he says, full of beans and hoped to make a million dollars. He got a job on the Sunday magazine section of the New York *Tribune* and wrote feature articles there for a while; one afternoon he met Bob Benchley at the Harvard Club and told him he would like to get a job that paid better money. Benchley pointed to a "MAN WANTED" ad which the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency was running and suggested he try there. Marquand followed this advice and soon found himself writing testimonials to Blue Buckle Overalls—"Big, Strong and Comfortable—6,000,000 pairs worn a year." He was also allowed to try his hand at O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels and Lifebuoy Soap, which had not yet acquired its special significance to

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

I'M ALL IN. THIS HOT WEATHER GETS ME DOWN!

NOT ME! THE DOCTOR HAS OUR FAMILY TAKING VIMMS!

Extra Vitamins and Minerals needed now just as in winter—U.S. Gov't surveys showed.

THIS SUMMER... Avoid that "Hot Weather Slump!"

...due to lack of sufficient Vitamins and Minerals in your diet.

Here's why—A U. S. Government study—other surveys too—showed that average hot-weather meals were lacking in essential vitamins and minerals, as much as and often *more than winter diets*. Not only do you eat less vitamin-rich foods, but many foods you do eat, more easily lose their natural vitamins in summer weather.

"Hot weather nerves" and "Summer slump" may be due to lack of sufficient vitamins and minerals in the diet. Don't run this risk just when summer fun calls on you for *more* vitality and energy! Get all the vitamins your family may need—from Vimms.

All the vitamins Government Experts and Doctors agree are essential

Unlike so many vitamin preparations, Vimms give you not just Vitamin A or D, not just important B Complex

vitamins—but all the vitamins known to be essential in the diet.

Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus...

And more than that, Vimms give you vital Iron (especially scarce in summer diets), Calcium, Phosphorus—minerals necessary for good red blood, strong body tissues.

No product which offers you only one tablet or capsule per day can give you the benefits of all these vitamins and minerals. That is why Vimms come in three tablets a day.

New Low Price on the big Vimms Family Package! 288 tablets, 3 months' supply! Now only \$4.29! Get pleasant-tasting Vimms from your druggist in the Regular size, the Economy size or the *extra-thrifty* Family size. Take 3 Vimms every day at breakfast.

Lever Brothers Co.,
Pharmaceutical Div.,
Cambridge, Mass.

GET THAT VIMMS FEELING

MARQUAND (continued)

present-day advertisement readers. "It's really too bad I didn't think up B. O.," Marquand remarked recently. "If I had, all my troubles would have been over." The officials of J. Walter Thompson were then struggling with a campaign to "put Lifebuoy over" and held frequent staff conferences at which people barked at each other, "What do *you* use soap for, anyway?" One day an office genius brought into conference a suggestion for a slogan which went "Every day an oily coating lightly forms upon your skin." Marquand, whose mind had been wandering, suddenly came to attention and exclaimed: "Why, that's trochaic tetrameter, just like 'Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime, and departing leave behind us—'" At this point he was aware that people were glaring and he stopped short. He never regained his reputation at J. Walter Thompson and he left soon afterward. He had saved \$400 and decided to write a novel.

It was called *The Unspeakable Gentleman* and Marquand wrote it in the summer of 1920 in the old mill building at Curzon's Mill. It was a very bad novel about a young man of the year 1810, in a seacoast town much like Newburyport, whose father is an unspeakable cad and adventurer. Son and father get into a dispute involving a secret paper from France and a beautiful girl, and there is much galloping and sound of muffled oars in the book. The high spot comes when the son has a momentary advantage over his father in a passage at arms, and his father starts to throw a bottle: "'Anything but a bottle, father,' I said, watching him from the tail of my eye, 'Anything but a bottle. It smacks of such low associations.'"

The *Ladies Home Journal* paid \$2,000 for the *The Unspeakable Gentleman* and ran it in four installments. Years later Marquand asked the *Journal* editor why on earth he had bought the story, and the editor said they had just gotten some four-color presses for the *Journal* and wanted to print romantic illustrations of men with lace at their throats. Marquand immediately followed up this success by selling several stories to George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. The *Post* put his name on its cover as a featured contributor, and after that he never had any trouble selling everything he wrote.

The abnormalities of an author

Marquand and Christina Sedgwick became acquainted in Dublin, N. H. one weekend in 1921. They saw each other again at Dublin that summer and Christina invited him to motor back with her to Stockbridge, Mass., in the Berkshire Hills, and meet her family. The Sedgwicks were (and are) one of the most imposing families in New England. A hundred years ago visitors to the pretty and select summer-resort town of Stockbridge reported that the katydids in the trees sang "Sedg-wick, Sedg-wick, Sedg-wick" as they passed. And everyone in Massachusetts has heard of the pie-shaped Sedgwick burial plot in Stockbridge, where members of the family are buried in wedges with their feet toward the center—so that when they rise on the Last Judgment they will all be looking at Sedgwicks. The Sedgwicks were also numerous and influential in Boston where Christina's uncle, Ellery Sedgwick of the *Atlantic Monthly*, was the patriarch of American editors.

Christina and John Marquand were married in Stockbridge Sept. 8, 1922 and went to live in an apartment in Cambridge. Later they moved to a little red brick house with a white door and a brass letter slide at 47 West Cedar Street, on Beacon Hill, just a step down from Louisbourg Square. A son, John Phillips Jr., was born in 1923 and a daughter, Christina, in 1927. Marquand joined the Tavern Club and bought a share in the Athenaeum, the old and gentlemanly Boston library where tea was served every afternoon for 3¢ a cup.

In his Harvard class autobiography Marquand has observed that "The actual effort of sitting down each day, whether you want to or not, and trying to pull out of thin air something to put down on paper does . . . abnormal things to an individual . . . and the divorce rate among contemporary literati tells as much." There is a well-founded story that on one occasion when he and Christina were trimming a Christmas tree at the Mill he became enraged at the whole idea of wasting time on Christmas and tossed the tree, trimmings and all, out the front door. Another time while he was lunching in New York with a friend he got into a violent argument with a



Marquand hates to carve and made fun of people who do in *So Little Time*, but here he does it for his older son Johnny, daughter Christina, and present Mrs. Marquand.

plump man in a blue serge suit who insisted that writing a book was the same thing as building a bridge. "Dammit all, it is not the same thing," exclaimed Marquand, whose professional pride was touched. "A book is an idea and a bridge is a thing." "I disagree with you," said the plump man. "A book is just like a bridge—it is a bridge between the writer and the reader." "Well, I disagree with *you*," said Marquand coldly and he was just about to add, "you damn fool," when he suddenly looked again at the plump man and recognized him for the first time as Herbert Hoover, ex-President of the United States.

On March 19, 1935 the newspapers stated that Mrs. Christina Marquand had obtained a divorce in Pittsfield, Mass. Marquand was at that time living in Peiping, China where he had gone at the suggestion of the *Saturday Evening Post* editors, who wanted one of their star authors to have a firsthand knowledge of the Orient. At Mrs. Calhoun's in Peiping, where he was a paying guest, he made the acquaintance of his second wife, Adelaide Hooker, and her mother, who were traveling to Japan on a tour arranged by the Garden Clubs of America. Adelaide, whose family was rich and related by marriage to the Rockefellers, had never heard of John P. Marquand and had never read any of his stories. When she first saw him he was wearing a pith

helmet, a zipper shirt and a pair of shorts. "I thought he was an English officer going quietly to hell in the Orient," she says.

After Marquand's return to the U. S. in 1936 they became engaged and on April 16, 1937, they were married at her parents' apartment at 620 Park Avenue. Marquand, who had been through one society wedding, wanted to make it a quiet affair, but the Hookers invited 200 people. The crush in the lobby of the apartment house resembled opening night at the Metropolitan Opera. The elevators could not transport the guests upstairs fast enough and finally the freight elevator at the rear was called into service and delivered them in bulk to the Hookers' kitchen and thence to the drawing room. Adelaide's father was a staunch prohibitionist and there were no liquid refreshments whatever, since both bride and groom had firmly refused to serve grape juice. (There was liquor, however, in the ice cream.)

Marquand found himself waiting in the cook's bedroom with the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who was to perform the ceremony. Dr. Fosdick was not very talkative and Marquand tried desperately to interest him in something.

Finally he hit on the subject of Seeing Eye dogs. He said they were wonderful animals and the Rev. Fosdick agreed. They talked about Seeing Eye dogs for 15 minutes while the elevators worked frantically.

Following the wedding the happy couple went to Atlantic City over Sunday and then returned to New York, where Adelaide had agreed to show Kodachrome pictures of Oriental gardens to a Garden Club meeting. She had promised to do this before she promised to marry John and she kept both promises. After this they departed again, this time for the Grand Canyon.

Chicken curry and smoke rings

Marquand bought Kent's Island, his Newburyport farm, in 1936 and it has been his home and principal base of operations ever since. In the winter he lived in a duplex apartment at 1 Beekman Place, New York, in the same building with his Hooker and Rockefeller in-laws. He gave this up last August when he took a war job in Washington, where he has been living in a rented house with his wife, three small children (Blanche Ferry, 4; Timothy Fuller, 2; and Elon Huntington Hooker, 16 months), a nurse, a Swedish cook and two maids. He received no pay (except travel expenses) for the government work he is doing and since last August he has been too busy to do any new writing.

Kent's Island is surrounded by 500 acres of salt marshes which Marquand owns and which provide him with a large amount of splendid isolation, some magnificent scenery of the bleaker variety and a great many mosquitoes which are now being "controlled" by the government. It is a big and usually busy place, with western Merino sheep, 60 acres of hay, dairy cattle, horses, pigs, chickens and a full-time farmer in blue overalls. A few years ago Marquand was elected to the Tuesday Night Club, an association of Newburyport men who gather every week to eat, drink and listen to a "paper" from a member. The club's minutes reveal that on Oct. 7, 1941 Marquand served the Club "a delicious chicken curry with eight or ten different condiments" and read a paper on Hollywood which was "amusing, informative and profane." Another entry speaks of a meeting at which "the

THIS IS THE AGE OF DISCOVERY

★ That strange constellation in the night sky is *Cumene*. You have never seen it? No, and it is unlikely that you ever will—except in the form of this chemical symbol.

Early in 1942—with the Japs on the loose and the Axis running wild—our need for 100 octane aviation fuel “was so desperate there wasn’t time enough to wait for new plants to be built” . . . That’s official.

In the nerve-racking years 1942 and ’43, production of 100 octane fuel was increased many times over by the petroleum industry—but new plants, springing up like mushrooms, produced only 35% of this increase.

CUMENE—produced from existing facilities, accounted for 22% of the total increase.

The idea for using Cumene in the 100 octane program came out of the “University of Petroleum,” Shell’s research laboratories. NOW IT CAN BE TOLD.

Quoting a recent article in the technical magazine, *Oil and Gas Journal* . . .

“As soon as the use of Cumene in aviation gasoline was approved by the military services, Shell Oil Company technologists began converting existing equipment. Within three weeks, Shell’s Norco Refinery was producing Cumene of high purity. In June, 1942, a second unit of Shell’s Wood River Refinery had also been converted.

“Shell made the ‘know how’ available to the industry and today 19 plants, most of which have been in service more than a year, have been converted.”

Shell’s idea did more than increase the *quantity* of 100 octane aviation fuel—the use of Cumene as a blending agent also raised its *performance* to a new high.

This is the 10th Anniversary of 100 octane—in 1934 Shell supplied, in quantity, “the makings” of this super-fuel to the U.S. Army Air Corps . . . and the “modern era” of aviation began.

That great step forward . . . and the new forward step represented by Cumene . . . show the path of today’s explorers. *Ideas that work* are new continents and constellations which they seek—THIS is the Age of Discovery.



**SHELL
RESEARCH**

Sword of Today

Plowshare of Tomorrow





"You'll Go Places On This Team!"

1st Lt. Richard J. Niederriter, pilot, 1st Lt. Richard A. Carocari, navigator, Sgt. Richard W. Evans, tail-gunner, and 1st Lt. Lester A. Darst, bombardier, (left to right in foreground above) have hit most of Germany's "hot spots" in their Flying Fortress, the "Winsome Winn." Asked which was their most exciting mission, their answer was unanimous: "Anklam!"

"You probably never heard of Anklam," Lt. Carocari said. "Before the war it was just a little jerk-water town a hundred miles or so from Berlin. But the Nazis built a Focke-Wulf assembly plant there. And our assignment was to flatten it."

"I plotted my course for Berlin, to make Jerry think that was where we were heading. And we hadn't any more than crossed Denmark until the reception committee buzzed out to meet us. At least 300 German fighters hit our flight. They'd come barreling in from all directions at once . . . the fire from their cannons and machine guns making a solid sheet of flame along their wings. The going was hot and heavy for awhile."

"Hot and heavy is right," Lt. Niederriter said. "We were under fire for 3½ hours. But our gunners were too smart—and too good—for them. Evans here had his tail-gun knocked out, so he came up and fired the flexible gun in the nose. When the ball-turret got fouled up with oil from a damaged line, the ball-gunner adjusted it so it would keep revolving—to fool the fighters—and then he climbed out and lent a hand at the waist-guns. It was the prettiest piece of teamwork I've ever seen."

"That's what really licked 'em," Sgt. Evans said. "Teamwork! Lt. Niederriter had his hands full keeping the Winsome Winn on her course . . . yet all the time,

he sat up there and called the shots for us gunners. We sure did work those German fighters over. We saw two blow up in mid-air."

"Finally," Lt. Darst said, "we changed our course and cut for Anklam. The F-W's gave us a breathing spell as we swung in over the town and we made a nice, smooth bombing run. I saw our eggs land square on that factory. And, brother, did we plaster it! They won't make fighter planes there very soon again!"

Lt. Niederriter grinned. "Sure," he said, "you go plenty of places in the AAF. And it's not exactly joy-riding, either. But we've got a job to do. And we work together to do it."

"And I think that's the important thing for any young fellow—who wants to win his wings as Gunner, Bombardier, Navigator or Pilot—to remember . . .

"You're on a team in the AAF—from the time you step into your first training plane until you get up there in action. And it's a winning team . . . an unbeatable team . . . the 'greatest team in the world!'"

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE



FLY AND FIGHT WITH THE



"They came barreling in from all directions"

MEN OF 17...

if you want to fly on the "greatest team in the world," . . . go to your nearest AAF Examining Board . . . see if you can qualify for the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve. If you qualify, you will receive this insignia . . . but will not be called for training until you are 18 or over.



as a non-commissioned officer. If your aptitudes are outstandingly high, you may be trained as a bombardier, navigator or pilot, and graduate from training as a Flight Officer or Second Lieutenant.

But whatever your job on an AAF air combat crew, you will be the best-trained flier in any army on earth.

When called, you will be given further tests to determine the type of training you will receive. If you are trained as a gunner or technician gunner, you will go into actual combat

For pre-aviation training, see your local Civil Air Patrol officers. Also see your High School principal or adviser about recommended courses in the Air Service Division of the High School Victory Corps.

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

For information on Naval Aviation Cadet Training, apply at nearest Office of Naval Officer Procurement. This advertisement has the approval of the Joint Army Navy Personnel Board.

GREATEST TEAM IN THE WORLD

MARQUAND (continued)

proceedings were further enlivened for those in a position to see them, by the marvelous smoke rings discharged across the room by our talented member, John P. Marquand."

Marquand's principal contact with Hollywood was in 1941, when *H. M. Pulham, Esquire* was produced by King Vidor for M-G-M and Marquand went to the Coast to work on the dialog. On Dec. 4, 1941 the film was released at a dual "world premiere" in Loew's State and Loew's Tremont Theaters in Boston. Marquand's Boston friends still recall this event with horror, but Joe Longo, the publicity director of the Loews' chain, is very proud of it. "It was a truly outstanding event," he said recently. "Up to that time nobody had ever heard of J. P. Marquand, except the people who read his books." Longo posted large placards all around Boston Common demanding in blood-red capitals "WHO IS H. M. PULHAM, ESQUIRE?" and invited every member of Pulham's (and Marquand's) Harvard class to the opening. Marquand was rushed around from one press conference to another and photographed wearing a sad smile as he presented to a Harvard librarian the original movie script.

Marquand got back to New York from the world premiere with a slight cold and a nervous feeling that something drastic was about to happen. Two days later the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. The Marquands were at home, with some friends, when the news came. The story got around later that Marquand picked up a Japanese teapot and threw it in the fire, but this was exaggerated. What he really did was to pick it up and say, "I ought to bust the damn thing—but what good would that do?"

Marquand, like the principal characters in his books, is frankly baffled by the state of the world at present and often tries to imagine what the younger generation is going to do about it. A couple of years ago, on New Year's Eve, he was having dinner in New York with his son Johnny, who was then 17 and attending St. Marks (he is now a private first class and has gone overseas). Johnny was wearing a tuxedo and said he planned to see the old year out at the Nine O'clock Club and perhaps drink a Cuba libre or two. "My God," exclaimed his father, "that's rum and Coca Cola; why, you'll probably get fried and drive your car into the Hudson River or something." He fretted all evening about Johnny and the Cuba libres. Promptly at 12:15 a. m. his telephone rang and it was indeed a doctor. But it was old Dr. Snow in Newburyport, who said, "Now, John, don't worry, it's going to be all right. Tonight your father had a couple of highballs and drove his Lincoln Zephyr into a pole. His larynx is broken and he is in the hospital. But he'll get over it and be all right"—which he did.

"I suppose," says Marquand, when he tells this story, "that I have been worrying about the wrong generation all the time."



Marquand lounges in the door of his library which is well stocked with Newburyport history. He does his novel-writing in a little studio attached to the Carriage shed.

ENSENADA
SHIRTS
For Men and Boys

Cool, smart—yet serviceable as are all Reliance garments. In-or-out style, two-way collars. Superbly needled to the same high standards that have won the coveted "E" for Reliance in parachute making, where highest skill is demanded. Throughout America, better stores feature Ensenada Shirts at attractive prices.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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MAKERS OF Ensenada Shirts and Slacks • Kay Whitney Frocks • Universal Pajamas • No-Tare Shorts • Yank Jr. Boys' Wear • Yankshire Coats

Upstairs...

DOWNSTAIRS

Dad has a Ball Game

● While he takes it easy in his den, Dad listens to a ball game on his Arvin Radio.



ARVIN
Radios
ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE!
When the War is Won

Mother hears the Opera

● While she cooks in her kitchen, Mother listens to an opera on her Arvin Radio.



Sister has a Swing Band

● While she works in her room, Sister listens to a big swing band on her Arvin Radio.



Junior's 'way out West

● While he builds model planes, upstairs or down, Junior listens to a Western Thriller on his Arvin Radio.



★ Dad wants baseball while Mother wants opera. Sister wants a swing band while Junior wants a Western Thriller. That's a typical Saturday afternoon in millions of homes—where everyone in the family wants something different on the radio, all at the same time. To keep everybody happy, several radios are needed.

With Arvin Radios upstairs, downstairs and all through the house, the family problem is solved. The convenience and individual pleasure are without measure. The cost is modest.

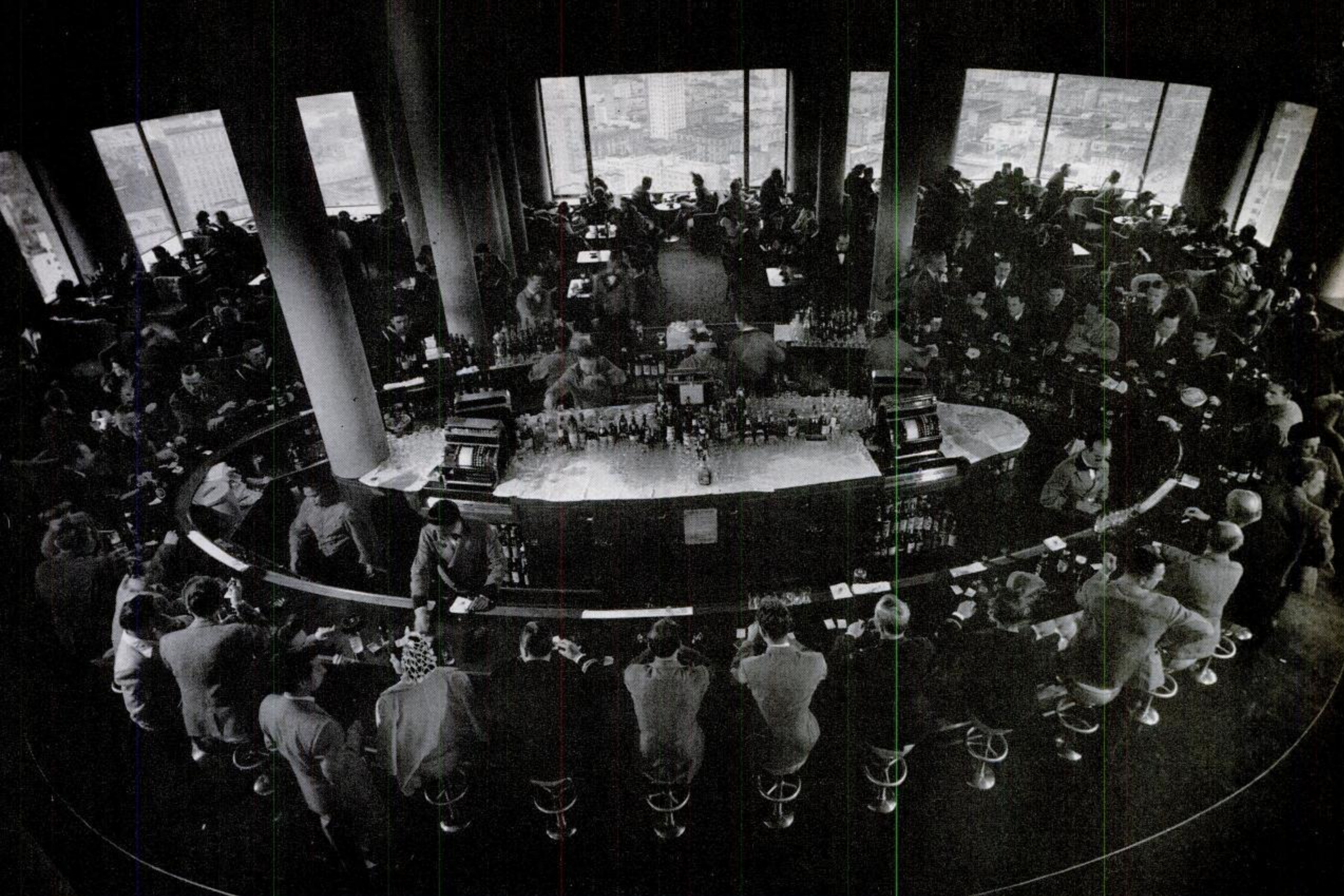
But that's a peacetime picture for most homes. Only a few families have all the radios they'd like to have now and can't get more. We're helping to hurry better days along by making radios and electronic equipment for war now—working with all the new developments that will make the coming Arvin Radios so good to own.

You help to bring the new Arvin Radios to you sooner with every war bond you buy. Keep on buying more war bonds.

ARVIN IS THE NAME on Peacetime Products of NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, INC., COLUMBUS, INDIANA
Hot Water Car Heaters • Bathroom Electric Heaters • Home and Car Radios
Metal-Chrome Dinette Sets • Outdoor Metal Furniture • Other Home Equipment



Awarded to the men and women of four of our Columbus plants



THE OVAL BAR IN THE TOP OF THE MARK HAS BECOME A SENTIMENTAL LANDMARK FOR SERVICEMEN VISITING SAN FRANCISCO. IT IS PACKED FROM 4 P. M. TILL CLOSING

Life Visits the Top of the Mark

This unique drinking spot atop the Mark Hopkins Hotel is famous for its scenic views of San Francisco

San Francisco has always been the West Coast's most cosmopolitan city. Since the tempo of the Pacific war has increased, it has become one of the greatest crossroads in the world, playing host to thousands of servicemen on their way to and from the battle zone. Inevitably first on many a serviceman's list when he arrives in San Francisco is a trip to the Top

of the Mark, a fashionable cocktail lounge situated on the 19th floor of the Mark Hopkins Hotel.

There, while sipping a tall cool drink, he can look down from all sides on the scenic beauty of the most spectacular city in America. As viewed from the Top of the Mark (*see following pages*), serene San Francisco Bay with its stately bridges, the rolling hills of Berke-

ley and Marin County, and the jumbled skyline of the city itself have a beauty which visitors rarely forget.

When it opened in 1939, the Top of the Mark immediately became the exclusive night spot of San Francisco, rendezvous for cafe society. Now all that is changed. Predominantly patronized by beribboned servicemen, it is democratically crowded to the walls.

PATRONS WAITING FOR TABLES IN THE TOP OF THE MARK LINE UP BEFORE THE ROW OF ELEVATORS IN THE LOBBY. ON SATURDAY NIGHTS NEARLY 200 WAIT HOURS TO GET IN





Southwest view from the Top of the Mark overlooks the downtown business district of San Francisco. Tall building (*left center*) is the former Empire Hotel, which had city's first Sky Room several years before the Top of the Mark opened in 1939. Building with the spired dome (*right center*) is San Francisco's City Hall. Picture below shows the same view at night.



West view directly faces the Pacific Ocean, which is visible six miles away when there isn't a fog. Tall building in the immediate foreground is the Cathedral Apts., another Nob Hill neighbor of the Mark Hopkins. During the wild days of the 1800s Nob Hill was known for its many fashionable residences, most of which were destroyed in earthquake of 1906. Night view, below.





Northwest view takes in the swank residential district of Nob Hill in foreground. In the distant background is the stately Golden Gate Bridge which spans San Francisco Bay near its mouth. Across the water are rolling hills of Marin County, where there are many fine homes. In night view (*below*) Golden Gate Bridge, the world's longest single span, is clearly defined by its many lights:



North view overlooks the open bay and the Contra Costa shoreline. In the right foreground is San Francisco's most famous landmark, Telegraph Hill. In sailing-ship days, the watchmen on Telegraph Hill would signal the arrival of ships in the bay to the business district across town. In the night view (*below*) lights on Contra Costa shoreline are clearly visible.



LEFT OUT! (because your hair is gray?)

**Clairol banishes every trace of gray or graying hair . . . swiftly, surely, beautifully*

The tragedy is not that so many plans and parties go on without you. The tragedy is that you've allowed gray hair to make you look "old," drab, uninteresting. The tragedy is that you're still trying to convince yourself you don't care . . . when you really do.

Wake up and look your best! Let the gloriously vibrant color tones of Clairol go to your head. Thousands of women just like you have found in Clairol the key to new self-confidence, new enthusiasm, new beauty!

CLAIROL IS DELIGHTFUL—Your hair luxuriates in a froth of iridescent bubbles. And quickly—almost before you know it—it's clean, silky-soft and permanently colored. Every trace of gray hair has vanished!

CLAIROL IS DEPENDABLE—You don't have to be afraid when you use genuine Clairol, because Clairol is made from the purest, most expensive ingredients obtainable. Each of Clairol's 23 natural-looking shades is laboratory controlled, produced under the supervision of skilled specialists.

CLAIROL KEEPS YOUR SECRET—It completely avoids that brassy look of old-fashioned dyes. Clairol shades are uniform . . . assuring a perfect match. NO OTHER PRODUCT gives such natural-looking results.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES that can't give you Clairol's beautiful results. Better Beauty Shops feature genuine Clairol. A Clairol treatment costs you no more!

FREE . . . "11 Secrets for Beautiful Hair." This booklet tells you how to give your hair radiant beauty . . . scientifically. Just write.

CLAIROL, INC., DEPT. L-33, P. O. BOX 748
GRAND CENTRAL ANNEX, NEW YORK, N. Y.

*Caution: Use only as directed on the label



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PEBECO PETE SAYS:

*"I make your brightest smile come back—
And furthermore,
I save you jack!"*

1. Pebeco Powder saves you money . . . gives 60% more powder than the average of 6 other leading tooth powders.
2. Makes teeth sparkle. Unrivalled among dentifrices for cleaning and polishing hard-to-clean teeth.
3. Safe! No grit in Pebeco Powder! It doesn't harm tooth enamel.
4. Swell pep-up flavor . . . makes mouth feel clean. Get Pebeco Powder today!

GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢

Big 10¢ size, too

Also Pebeco Tooth Paste . . . clean, refreshing flavor . . . 10¢ and 50¢

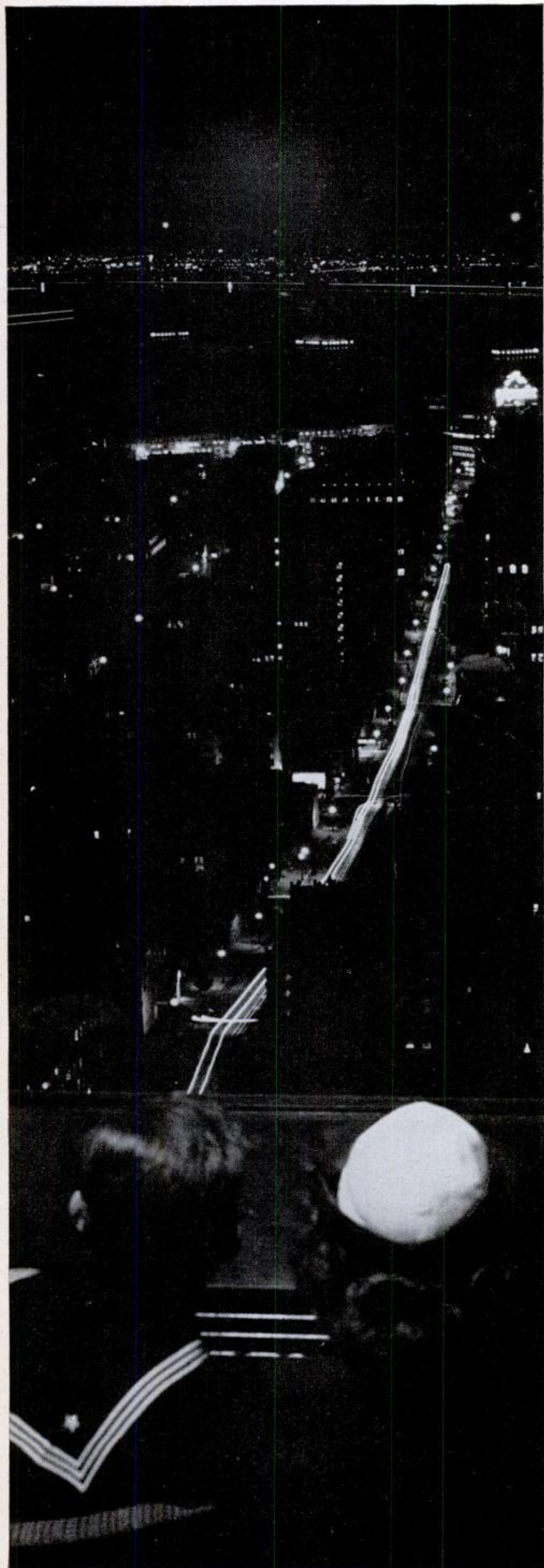


Copr., 1944,
by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Life Visits the Top of the Mark (continued)



A sailor and a Wave admire the eastern view of San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, Yerba Buena Island and the East Bay hills in the background. Native San Franciscans belligerently argue that the inner bay is most beautiful scenic view in the world.



Five hours later a different Navy couple watches the stream of lights from the automobile traffic crossing the bay bridge. The long ribbons of light in foreground are the camera's record of cars moving along California Street bound for the waterfront.

CROSS AS A BEAR.

when folks complain about your pipe?



Try the blend that meets the INDOOR TEST

Don't wait until some long-suffering friend offers you a pipeful of BOND STREET in self-defense. Start smoking mellow, aromatic BOND STREET and get on the receiving end of a few compliments. Bite-free BOND STREET pleases everybody. Leaves no stale tobacco odors in the room.

BOND STREET contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced blend.

And it's truly aromatic. Never loses its flavor.

Make this discovery yourself . . . today. Get a pack of BOND STREET!

BUY BONDS . . . then BOND STREET

15¢

POCKET PACKAGE
Convenient folding
Pocket Pouch - 10c

**BOND
STREET**
PIPE TOBACCO

A product of PHILIP MORRIS



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

NAZI LOOT

Sirs:

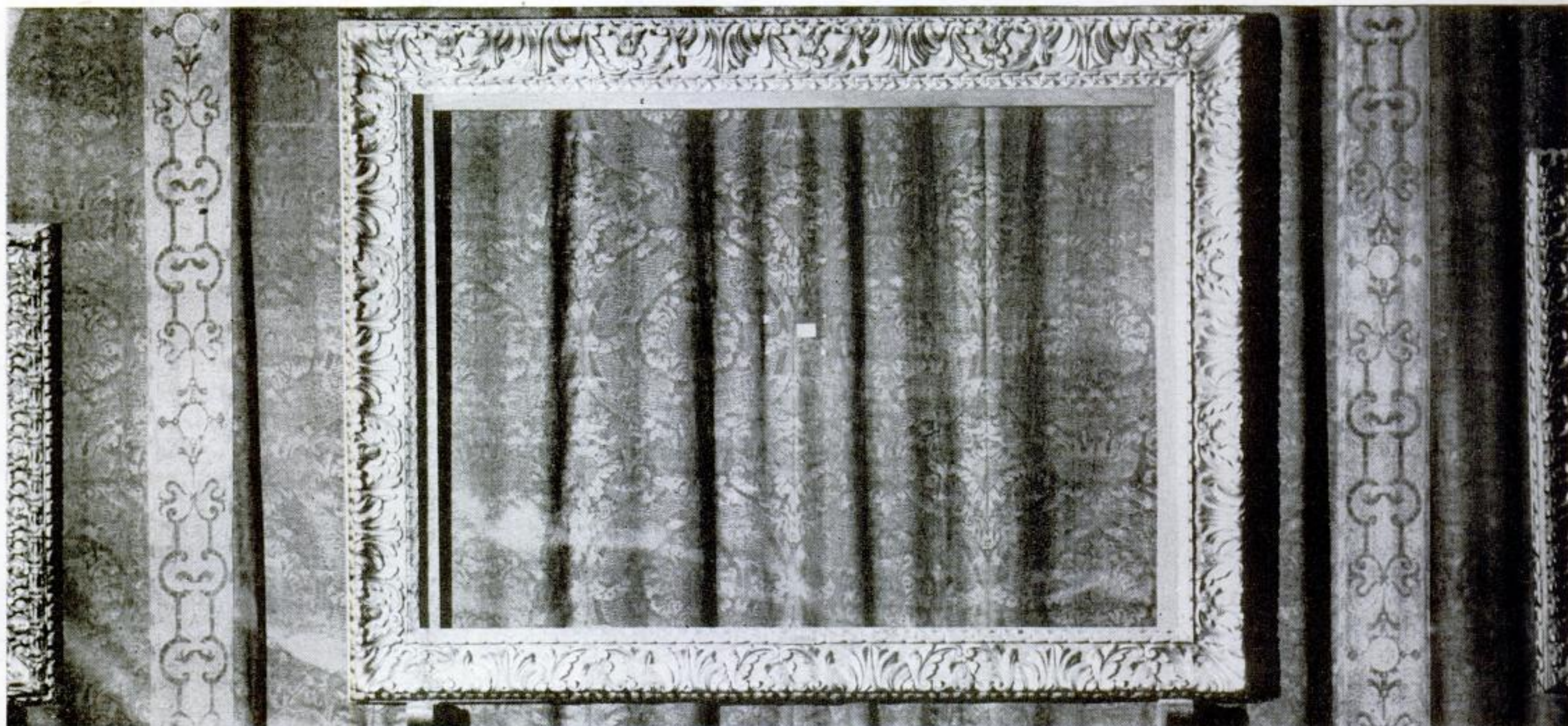
Three months ago in the Naples Museum I photographed this empty picture frame. It had contained Titian's famous \$500,000 *Danae* (below) which, with other masterpieces, had

been sent to Monte Cassino for safekeeping. After the Nazis evacuated Monte Cassino, the Hermann Göring Division with great ceremony turned the crated collection over to the Vatican. To prove that the crates really contained pictures the Nazis opened one of them. After the Nazis left, all the crates were opened. *Danae* was missing along with 11

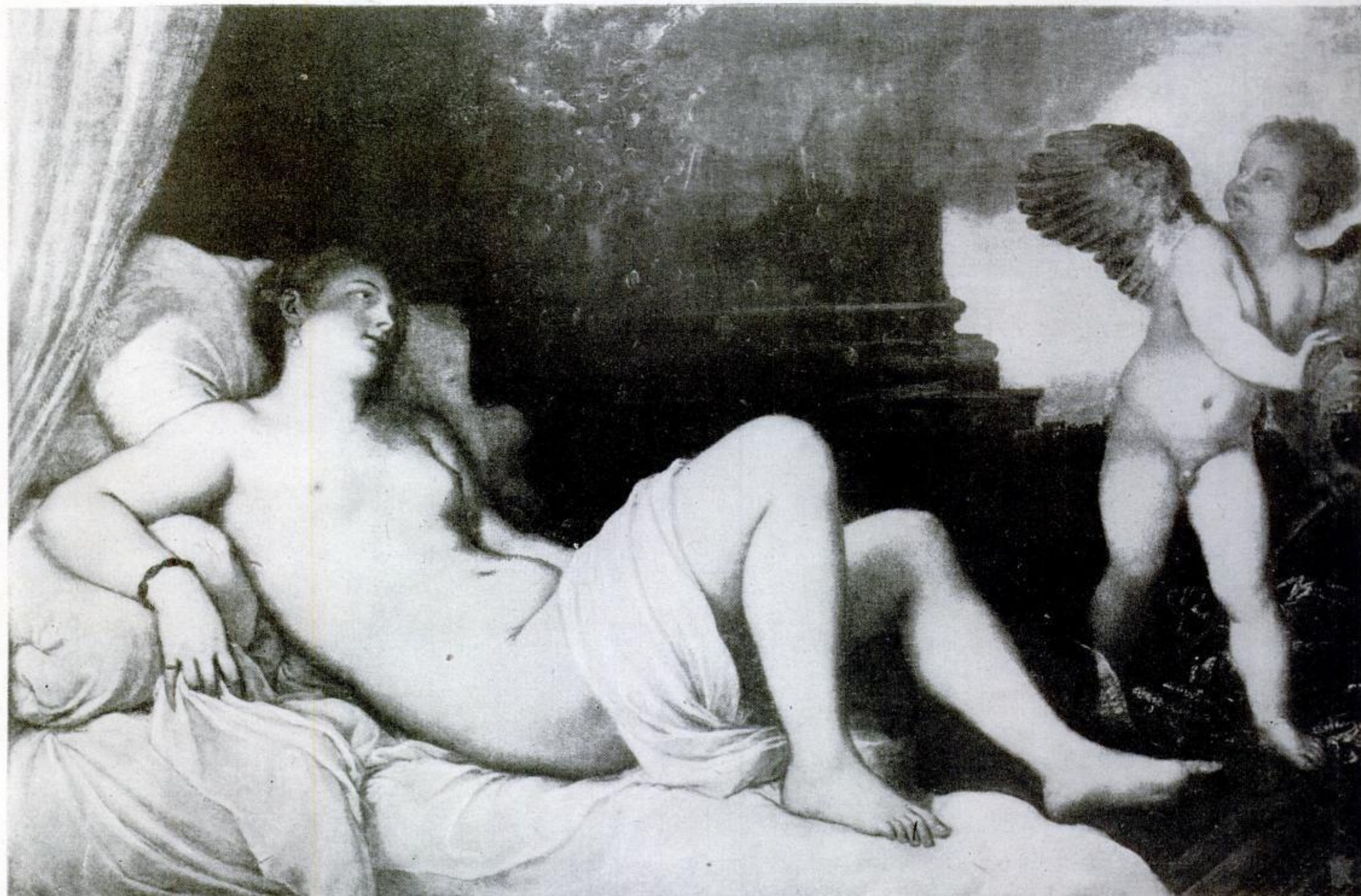
other best paintings. AMG Art Expert Ernest de Wald, formerly of Princeton University, says: "It is probably in Göring's home, Karin Hall, where the fat man is making a large collection of famous nudes."

GEORGE SILK

Italy



ABOVE: THE EMPTY PICTURE FRAME IN THE NAPLES MUSEUM. BELOW: TITIAN'S "DANAË" WHICH USED TO BE IN THE FRAME, MAY NOW BE IN GÖRING'S HOME, KARIN HALL



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